AUGUST 31, 1963. VOL. CCLIV. NO. 3300.

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Volume CCLIV No. 3300 LONDON, August 31, 1963

THE SPHERE

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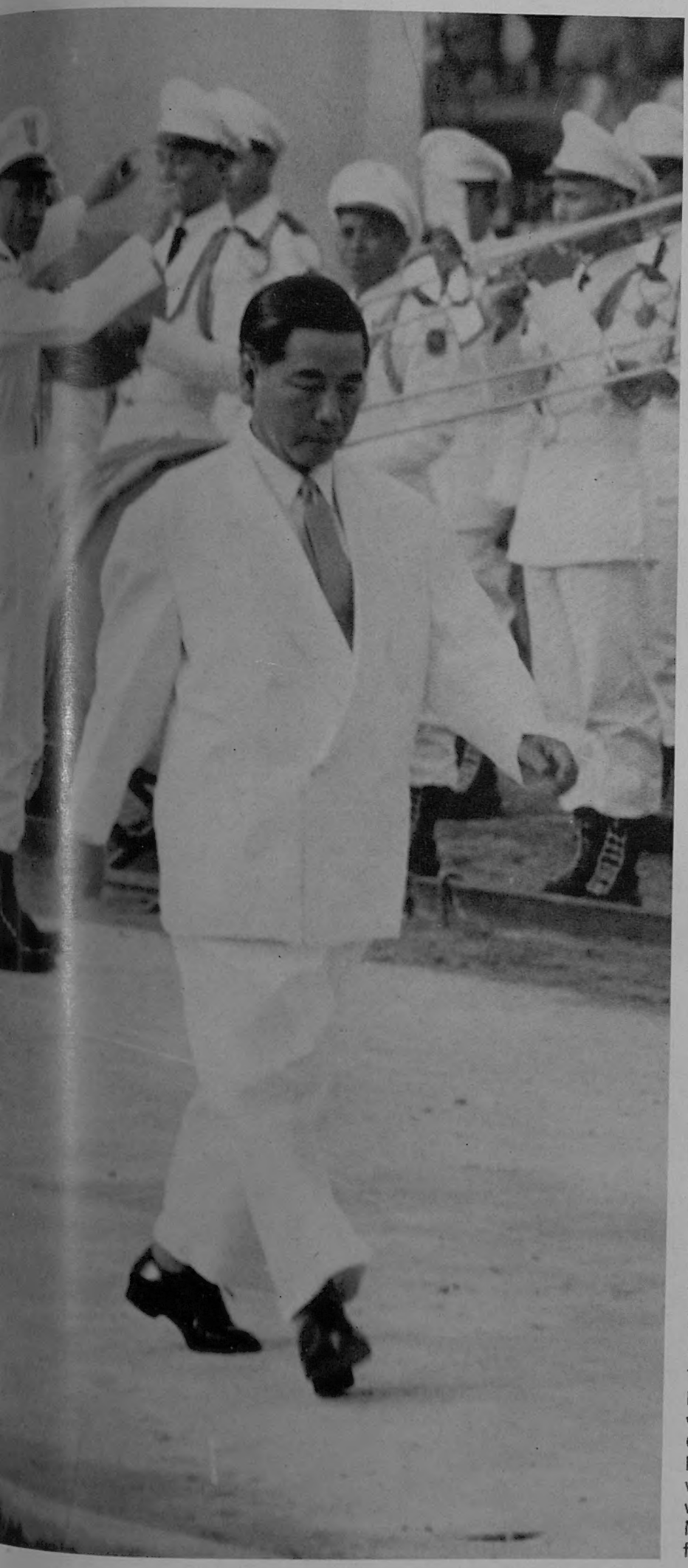


PRESIDENT ON A TIGHT-ROPE

A military band plays for President Ngo Din Diem of South Vietnam as he arrives at a ceremony in Saigon. Towards the end of last week he was politically walking on a tight-rope and his future was in question, with the country in ferment as the long-drawn-out dispute between his Government and the Buddhists came to a head. President Ngo Din Diem is a Roman Catholic. The Buddhists allege religious persecution by the Government. President Diem's reply to appeals from the US and, it was believed, Pope Paul, to resolve internal differences had been to proclaim martial law. In Saigon and Hué the military rounded up Buddhist monks and nuns, many of whom put up a fierce resistance to arrest. Little reliable news could be obtained from a highly confused situation, but it was reported that the South Vietnamese army had pressed the President for martial law and that Major-General Van Tran Don had been appointed to enforce it. Another report said that the Buddhist leader, the High Priest Thich Tri Quang, had escaped arrest in the round-up but his whereabouts was not known. In Washington, which is heavily involved in the struggle against Communism in South Vietnam, officials declared President Diem's "repressive actions" to be a violation of his undertaking to seek a reconciliation with the Buddhists. Besides South Vietnam, Malaysia and India were also areas in Asia facing crises last week. (See overleaf and p 296)

TROUBLED ASIA

At the start of this week it was reliably stated in Kuala Lumpur that a new date for the inauguration of the Federation of Malaysia had been "more or less agreed." The presence of Mr Duncan Sandys, who had flown out from London, was believed to be speeding matters towards a solution. On the day of his arrival the Indonesians announced they would be prepared to send only eight observers with the United Nations teams surveying public opinion in the Borneo territories. Previously Jakarta had been demanding 30 observers. It was understood that North Borneo and Sarawak would at all events become self-governing at the end of this week, on August 31, the day on which the Malaysia Federation should have come into being before Indonesian obduracy forced it to be postponed.

To the north, affairs in South Vietnam continued to present the gravest threat to peace in South East Asia. Having taken hundreds of Buddhists into arrest, the Diem regime was turning its attention to demonstrations against it from students and youths. There were mass arrests in Saigon, and the government ordered the closure of all schools and colleges in the area.

Spokesmen for the Diem regime declared that the Buddhists and the youths were falling for Communist schemes to divide Asians among themselves. According to Mr Ngo Dinh Nhu who, with his wife, is reputedly the real ruler of South Vietnam, opinion abroad had been "intoxicated" by the ritual suicides of Buddhists. Mr Nhu is one of the President's Roman Catholic family, all the members of which hold high positions in the politics or diplomacy of their country.

From a third crisis country in Asia—India—there was sensational news last Sunday when Mr Nehru accepted the resignations of six senior ministers of the central government and of six of the state's Chief Ministers. It was understood they were to take organisational posts in the Congress Party (the picture on page 296 was taken before the resignations).

Above: Police mix with demonstrators in Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, during a demonstration against the formation of the Federation of Malaysia

Left: Mr Michelmore, the American leader of the U.N. investigation team in Sarawak and North Borneo, enjoys a cup of tea at the airport in Kuching

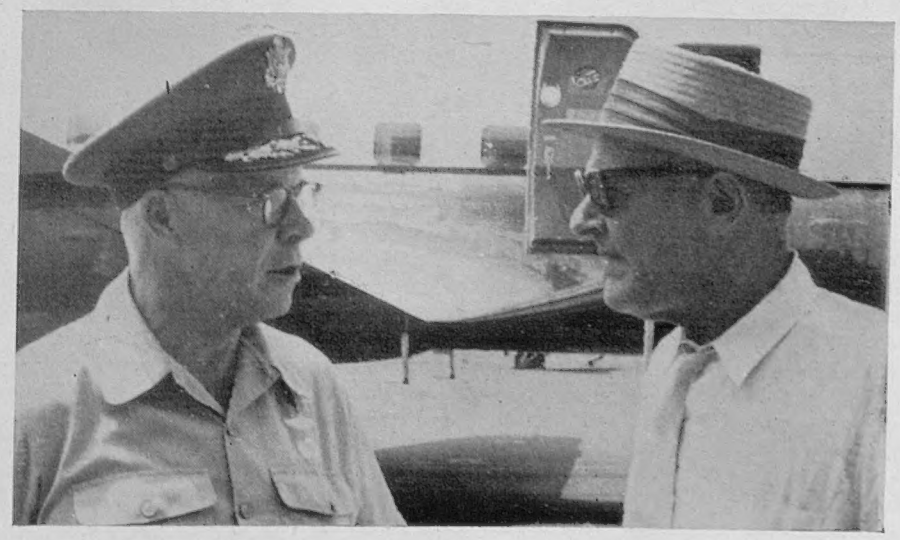
Above: A mass demonstration by Buddhists against the alleged religious discrimination of Roman Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem's government is held outside the Xa Loi Pagoda in Saigon, the South Vietnamese capital. Soon afterwards police rounded up many monks and nuns from this pagoda

Left: With bayonets fixed and rifles at the ready South Vietnamese troops patrol a street in the Buddhist stronghold of Hué. Martial law came to the town after a fifth Buddhist priest had burned himself to death as a protest against the government. A nun had also killed herself in this manner and there were reports of instances of Hara-kiri (suicide by disembowelling) by members of religious orders

Below far left: A Buddhist monk makes a speech from behind a barbed wire barricade erected by the police in Saigon. Experienced observers of the South East Asian scene warned that it was an oversimplification to see the situation as Buddhists v. Diem Catholicism. But there was a growing opinion that politically the President would have to go

Left: Mr Ngo Dinh Nhu is the younger brother of President Diem and his chief adviser. Controller of the Secret Police and of the ruling Can Lao Party, he is said to be the real power in South Vietnam

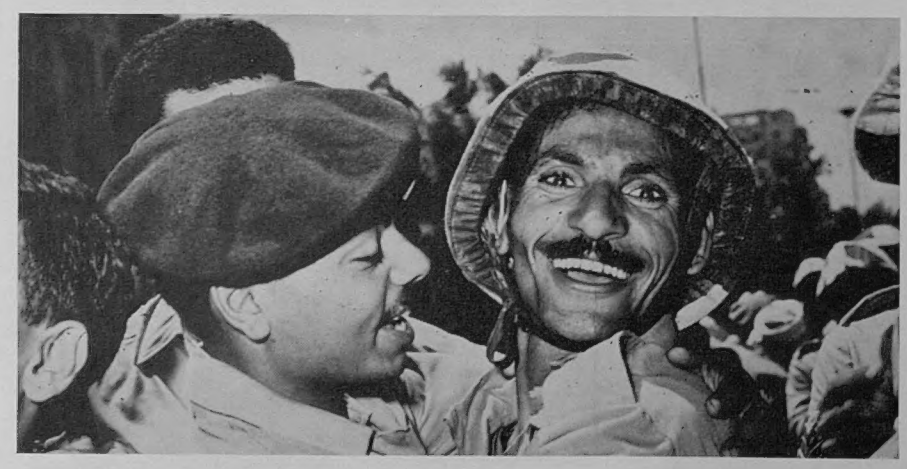
Below: At Tokyo Mr Cabot Lodge, newly appointed American Ambassador to South Vietnam, talks with Lieutenant-General Maurice A. Preston, Commander of the US forces in Japan. Mr Lodge was on his way to succeed Mr Frederick E. Nolting in Saigon



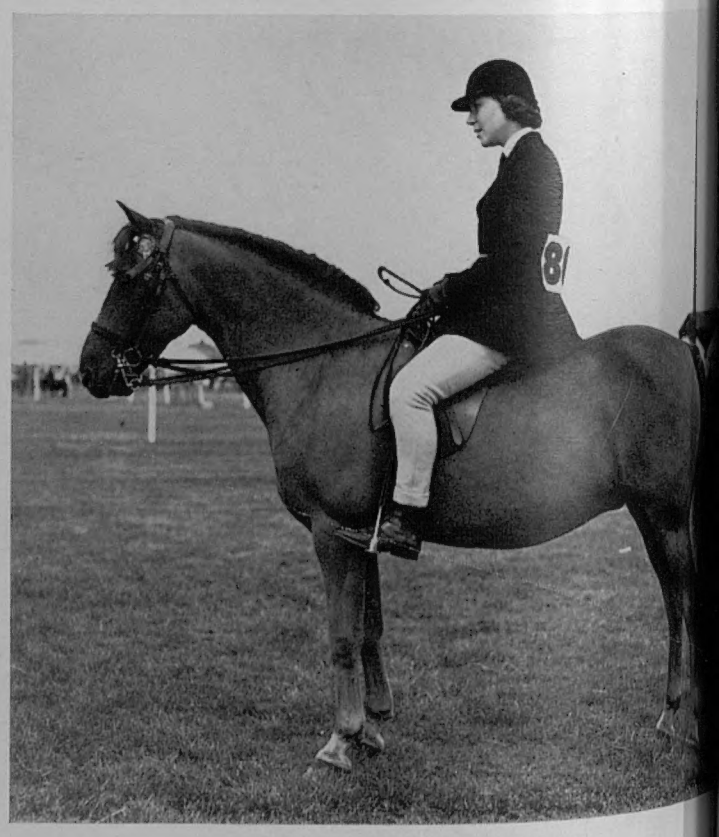
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Language troubles in Belgium
In clashes between French-speaking Walloons and Flemish-speaking nationalists in Ostend, a demonstrator makes a gesture understandable in any language. Thousands of Flemish nationalists travelled along the "Royal Highway" to Ostend, in a campaign claiming that the sea front is their territory. Incidents also occurred at Dixmude where the Flemish Movement has met annually since 1920 to remember the dead of the First World War

Congolese paratroopers in Israel
General Joseph Mobutu (right), Commander-in-Chief of the Congo (Léopoldville), is accompanied by the Israeli Chief of Staff, General Zwi Tsur, as he inspects a Congolese guard of honour on his arrival at Lod airport, Israel. The Congolese military leader arrived in Israel in the middle of August for a fortnight's stay. The chief purpose of his visit was to inspect the 212 Congolese paratroopers who are being trained with the Israeli Army



Egyptian soldiers return from Yemen
An Egyptian soldier greets his brother at Alexandria on his return from Yemen. President Sallal of the Yemen has been in Cairo for some time to discuss with President Nasser future UAR support for his Republican Government. Iraq's President Arif has also been in Cairo



A double winner at Peterborough
Miss Angela Grummitt is on Victory with whom she won the Farm and Country Cup at the Ponies of Britain Annual Show at Peterborough. The award is for the best farmer's child in the Handy Pony classes. She also won the cup for the Handy Pony Championships

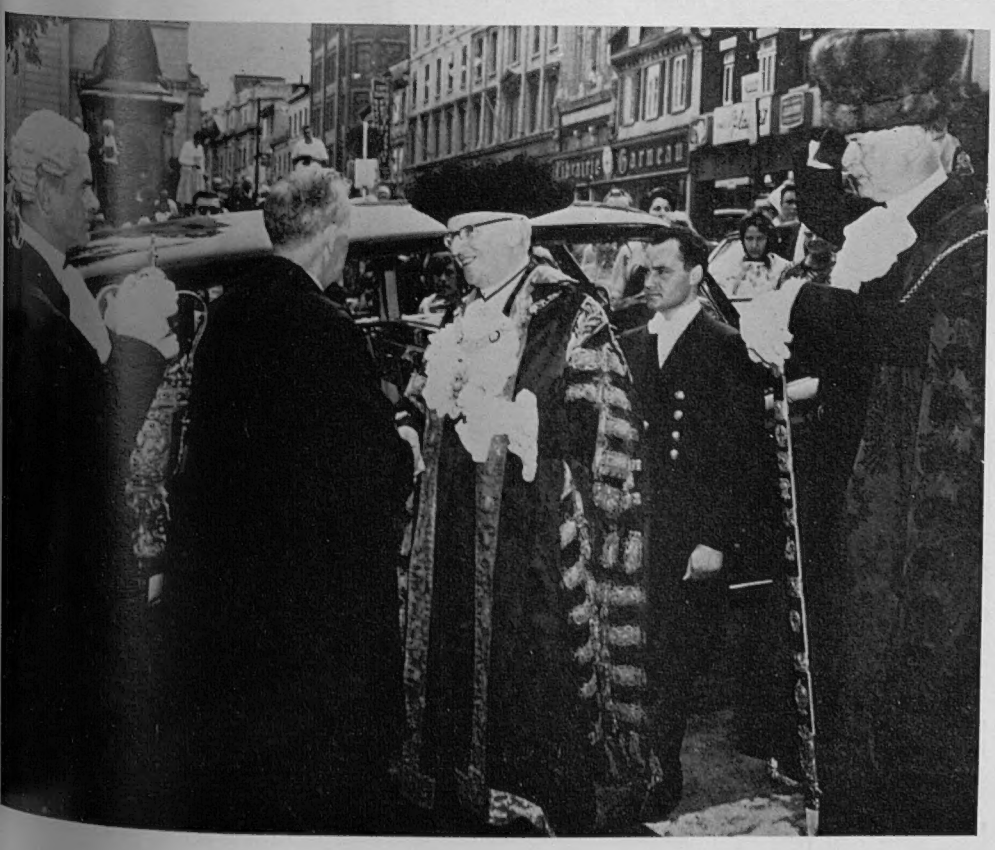
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

New helicopters for the RAF

Twin-engined Wessex HC Mk. 2 helicopters on show at the RAF station at Odiham. They were undergoing their final tests with the Intensive Flying Trials Unit before going into service with the RAF in Germany and the Far East. A high performance development of the Wessex Mk. 1, these helicopters have a single rotor and two Bristol Siddeley Gnome turbines. They can carry up to 16 troops and are intended for transport, ambulance and general duties

Off to teach in East Africa

At the Department of Technical Co-operation, London, are four of 134 British graduates being briefed before going to East Africa to teach. They are two young married couples, Mr and Mrs John Spivey and Mr and Mrs John Buchanan. The graduates were setting off for East Africa under the Teachers for East Africa scheme, a joint Anglo-United States project now in its third year, aimed at meeting the need for secondary-school teachers in the area



The Lord Mayor's visit to Canada

Sir Ralph Perring, the Lord Mayor of London, wearing his ceremonial robes, is greeted by the Mayor of Quebec, M. Hamell. Sir Ralph arrived in Canada on his official visit on August 12. He has been to Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and returns on September 2

The death of Lord Nuffield

Lord Nuffield, photographed at the wheel of his 1913 Bull-nose Morris in London in 1930. One of Britain's greatest industrialists, who founded Morris Motors, and a philanthropist, who gave away £27 million, Lord Nuffield died last week at his home near Henley, aged 85

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

£7 million contract for Scottish yard

The Chairman of the Swedish American Line, Mr Alex Brostrom, signs a contract for a £7 million liner, watched by the Managing Director of the Clydebank shipbuilders, Mr John Brown. On his right is Mr Eric Vijk, Managing Director of the Swedish American Line. The contract should mean jobs for about 2,000 workers for two years

No hiding their feelings

Lively and typical animation is shown by some of the West Indian spectators during the fifth and last England-West Indies Test match at the Oval cricket ground in London. In all five matches the enthusiasm of the West Indian onlookers has reflected the excitement of the Test series, which the West Indians won 3-1 with one drawn

Negroes arrested in Louisiana

Mounted police march a man along a street in Plaquemine, Louisiana. Over 100 Negroes were arrested during a demonstration there. Mounted police and State Troopers took strong measures to prevent Negroes approaching the City Hall. The mass march to Washington to support civil rights for Negroes was to take place on Wednesday. A formal call was to be made for a national all-Negro political party

US Admiral visits Portsmouth

Vice - Admiral Charles Martell of the United States Navy signs the Visitors' book in the Guildhall at Portsmouth, Hampshire. With him is the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr H. Sotnick. The Vice-Admiral arrived earlier in the day on board the US heavy cruiser *Newport News*, his flagship as Commander of Nato's Striking Forces in the Atlantic. The *Newport News* was in Portsmouth following the Nato exercise, Riptide, which was shadowed by Soviet trawlers with what might be radar-jamming equipment

Advocate of world government

Lord and Lady Attlee are at London Airport before flying by jet to Tokyo in order to attend the eleventh conference of the World Association of World Federalists. During his Premiership from 1945 to 1951, and since, Lord Attlee has been a consistent advocate of world government as a means of achieving a lasting peace. Born on January 3 in 1883, he is one of the oldest speakers at the Tokyo conference

NEWS SUMMARY

A brighter international outlook; A Bulgarian-Greek detente; US foreign aid cuts

INTERNATIONAL

The international outlook "brightened" during the year which ended on June 15, U Thant, the Secretary-General of the U.N., declares in the introduction to his annual report which was published in New York last weekend. Since then there has been the signature of the partial test ban treaty, which has given the world a feeling of hope. U Thant adds that he trusts the year to come will justify the current mood of optimism.

Bulgaria has unexpectedly accepted a long-standing offer from Greece for talks to settle all the outstanding problems between the two countries. Of these the main is the settlement of the Bulgarian war reparations to Greece, fixed at about £16 million under the 1946 peace treaty.

The Central Committee of the World Council of Churches met on Monday for a week's session in Rochester, New York, under the chairmanship of Dr Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Council. Dr Ramsey travelled to Rochester from Toronto where last weekend the fortnight's deliberations of the Anglican congress concluded.

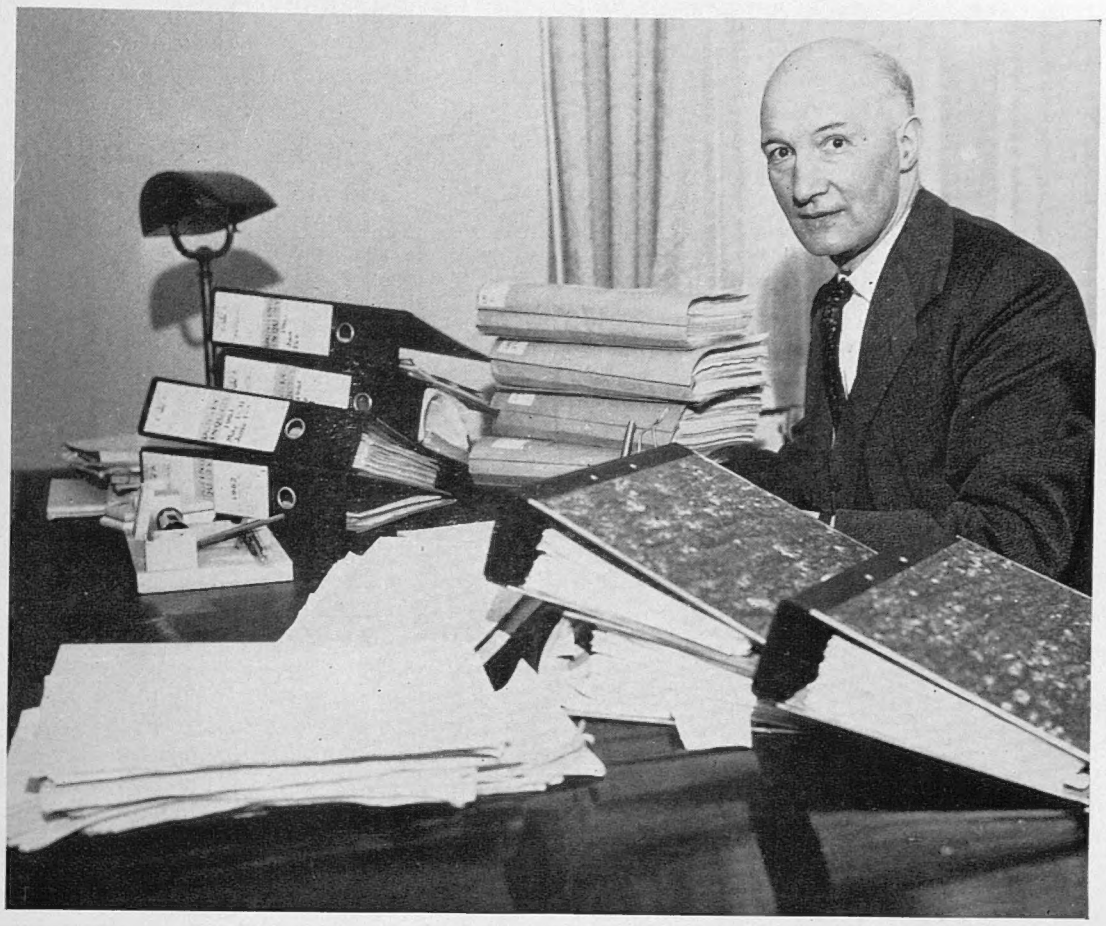
GREAT BRITAIN

Further dramatic developments were forecast for the early days of this week in the Great Train Robbery hunt. By last Saturday eight people had been charged with offences arising from the robbery.

Speculation is rife in political circles in London regarding Lord Denning's report on the Profumo affair, which is expected to be ready next month. In some quarters it is believed there will be a major clash between Mr Macmillan and Mr Wilson about what parts of the report should not be made public.

UNITED STATES

Last weekend preparations were being made for the final phase in what was hoped would be the rescue of David Fellin and Henry Throne, the two miners trapped 331 ft. down in a mine at Shepton, Pennsylvania. By Sunday they had already been there for 13 days. A third man was trapped about 25 ft. away from them, but nothing had been heard of him since the previous Tuesday. On Sunday, a 'Mass for the Shut-ins' was relayed to the two men. They were in continuous loud-speaker contact with their rescuers drilling a shaft from the surface.



Lord Denning in his office in Whitehall with his desk piled high with files of evidence from his inquiry

One of the sharpest cuts it has ever made was applied last week by the House of Representatives to the Administration's proposed foreign aid appropriation. The bill was cut by $585 million (about £209 million). Afterwards, the President appeared on television and condemned the cuts as "short-sighted, irresponsible and dangerously partisan." If the Senate did not restore the cuts it would mean the end of development aid in Iran, Greece, Thailand and other countries on the periphery of the Sino-Soviet bloc. It would mean that the USSR would be giving as much aid to Cuba as the US would give to the whole of Latin America. The vote in the House of Representatives was 222-188. It was supported by 66 Democrats.

NORWAY

A new Government has been formed by Mr John Lyng, the parliamentary leader of the Norwegian Conservative Party. It was to take office on Wednesday of this week. Mr Gerhardsen's Labour Government was defeated in the Storting on Friday last week by 76 votes to 74 on a motion of no confidence. The non-Socialist coalition has the same strength as the Labour Party. The balance is held by the two members of the Peoples Socialist Party. Their votes brought down the Labour Government, but reportedly they are going to vote with Labour against the Conservatives.

KENYA

Mr Ronald Ngala, leader of the Kenya African Democratic Union, a week ago led his party out of the preparatory talks for Kenya's independence conference due to meet in London in September. He objected to any discussion of basic changes in the Constitution desired by Mr Jomo Kenyatta, Prime Minister and leader of the Kenya African National Union. The talks, under the direction of Mr Malcolm MacDonald, the Governor, were continued without Kadu.

MIDDLE EAST

The Security Council last week considered allegations by both Israel and Syria of aggression against each other.

On another Israeli border a sudden flare-up was reported last weekend on the Old City wall of Jerusalem between Israel and Jordan troops. Sporadic shooting developed into an intense exchange along the entire stretch of the wall, which continued until a cease-fire was arranged.

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JOHN CONNELL

MR NEHRU UNDER FIRE

In the house which, until the end of the British *raj* in India, was the home of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief, there lives now a perplexed and saddened 74-year-old, Jawaharlal Nehru. His problems and his difficulties have mounted sharply in recent months, as in the country at large frustration and disappointment have increased. Last week, for the first time in 16 years, a motion of censure on Mr Nehru and his Government was debated in the Lok Sabha.

Indians take their politics emotionally, and many of their emotions are extremely volatile. But like other nations in a jam, they look anxiously for a scapegoat, on whom they can expend their indignation and their disillusionment. The long continuity of Panditji's tenure of power, the width of that power's range and the depth of its penetration into Indian society, are now his greatest dangers. He, who with the Mahatma brought India to independence, now appears as a figure of the past—as odd, as inalienable and as quietly stubborn in his old, familiar ways, as Mr Macmillan. His home and his way of life, in the eyes of his critics, are as remote from India's contemporary life as the butts on the moors above Bolton Abbey are from the England of TWTWTW.

Since the Chinese made their savage onslaught into the North East Frontier Agency ten months ago, adding arrogant contempt to aggressiveness, India's troubles have by no means diminished. If the military defeat itself was ignominious, even more disturbing was the welter of evidence which it produced of corruption, inefficiency and cynically selfish disregard of India's real interests. Nobody would or could accuse Mr Nehru himself of being directly involved in the mess which was hinted at rather than openly uncovered, any more than anyone would or could allege any personal link between Mr Macmillan and the squalid surrounds of the Profumo affair. But Mr Nehru's critics insist, just like Mr Macmillan's here in England, that his own unquestionable integrity is not enough, and if it has been used as a cloak for their own failings by feebler, shabbier men, some of the responsibility—and some of the blame—must be Panditji's. It is all very melancholy.

Mr Kripalani, who has emerged as Mr Nehru's principal opponent, is a formidable man. Like all other politicians in India—except the Communists—he grew up within the Congress movement and he has a profound understanding of the magnitude and the complexity of the Congress's achievements—and failures. When he framed his motion of censure he did not give specific grounds for his and his associates' lack of confidence in Mr Nehru's administration; without this vagueness he would not have been able to muster enough Opposition support even to get it on the order paper. However, the many detailed points of criticism emerged vigorously enough in last week's debate: persistent dissatisfaction with the recent record both on external policy and defence; rising prices; heavy taxation, and in particular the compulsory savings scheme which hits and hurts the urban clerk on whose support Congress has always relied; the relentless extraction of those savings in gold on which a great deal of India's rural economy still rests and the ugly spectre of grave food shortages.

All these grievances point, Mr Nehru's critics have argued, to a loss of direction and of impetus at the higher levels in the Government. The sense of crisis is growing, and there is a deepening apprehension that Mr Nehru and his colleagues are neither fresh enough in mind nor resolute enough in spirit to meet this crisis when it comes. It would be difficult not to feel compassion towards Mr Nehru in his loneliness and his dilemma. Much of his great achievement seems in peril of crumbling under him.

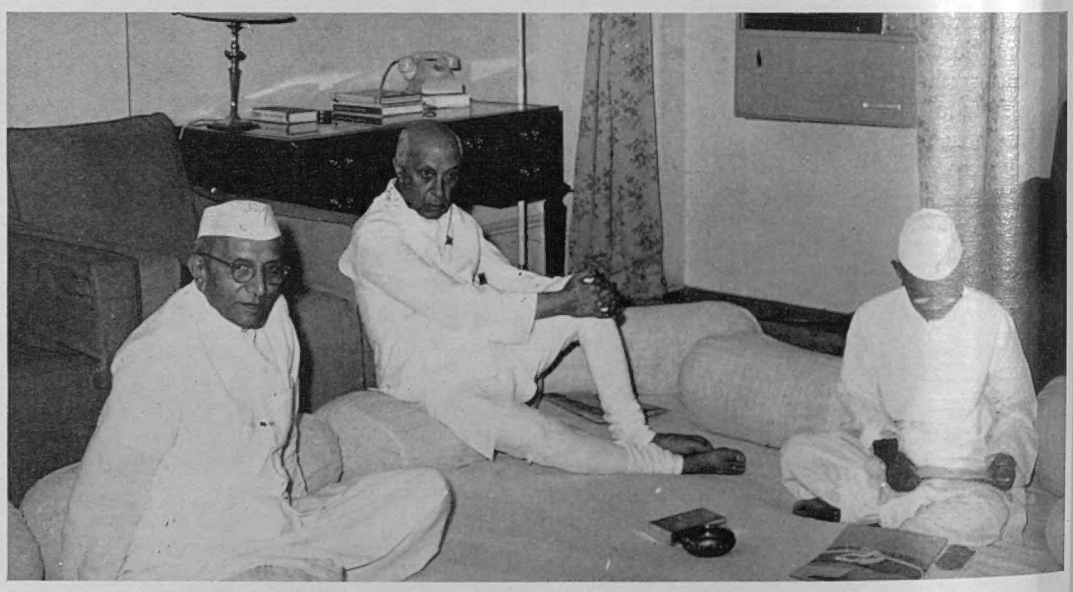
He is however a tenacious and subtle fighter—and a great deal more difficult to remove than Mr Macmillan or any Prime Minister in British history. And the most important question still goes unanswered: who could possibly replace him? The name most frequently canvassed for some years was that of his daughter, Mrs Indira Gandhi; but lately less and less has been heard about her. She has without doubt much of her father's courage, but—capable politician though she has proved—it is difficult to see in her much sign of that vision which (however much one may disagree with his ideas and his aims) many who know and love India have come to recognise as Panditji's most significant quality. Another possible candidate is Mr Chavan, who brought a considerable reputation as a strong administrator with him, when he came to Delhi, to succeed Mr Krishna Menon at the unhappiest moment in India's post-independence history.

However, there is a good deal of feeling that Mr Chavan has not been able to come to grips with the grim phenomenon of a major, essential Ministry honeycombed with inefficiency. Nor has he been able to give the resolute backing that was needed to senior officers of the Army in their effort to restore morale which had been severely shaken by defeat at the hands of the Chinese. His chances too have diminished; and the favourite for the time being is Mr Shastri, the Home Minister, an old hand who is said to have retained Mr Nehru's confidence—in marked contrast to almost every other member of his administration.

Mr Nehru himself is, as always, responsible for external relations; and it is here that—from the moment the bottom fell out of the policy of non-alignment—failure has been most glaring and most persistent. The price (and it is a high one) is now being paid for those years in which Mr Nehru at successive Commonwealth Conferences, and Mr Krishna Menon at the United Nations headquarters, found satisfaction in lecturing the Western Powers. Mr Nehru could be aloof and complacent about Goa; but his constant evasions and equivocations about the Naga rebellion are now wearing thin. A plan of action is now being worked out for a " final solution " of the Naga problem which, if a colonialist or ex-colonialist Power had undertaken it, would have produced a hurricane of abuse from every Afro-Asian spokesman available. It is, quite simply, to " regroup," on lines made familiar in Malaya and in South Vietnam, some 800 Naga villages into 200 townships; anyone who stays outside the scheme and takes refuge in the jungle will henceforth be treated as hostile; and lack of arms, food and shelter, it is hoped, will bring them ultimately to heel.

Mr Nehru has contrived to put his country into a position of curious if unacknowledged isolation. India has no real friends in the outside world; it is expedient for the Soviet Union, as well as for the Americans and ourselves, to give her quite a good deal of military and economic assistance, but only because another defeat at the hands of the Chinese would be calamitous. The Commonwealth ties of the 1950's are dwindled to vanishing point. The heat and vehemence with which Mr Nehru found it necessary to defend the joint air exercises with the RAF and the USAAF illuminate, as depressingly as luridly, the plight into which he and his country have stumbled.

The result of the censure debate was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, Mr Nehru would be well advised to look long and hard, in a mood of realistic self-criticism, at all its deeper implications and its long-range portents for the future of his Government.



Mr Nehru (centre) with Shri Moraraj Desai, Minister of Finance (left) and Mr Lal Bhadhur Shastri, Home Minister

THE RIVAL PROPHETS

On Tuesday of last week Mr Khrushchev arrived in Yugoslavia for what was officially termed a holiday. Nevertheless he was met at Belgrade airport by President Tito and given a full-scale reception. The next day the Soviet Prime Minister visited a factory and, with a bust of Lenin peering over his shoulder, made it abundantly clear that he regarded his form of Communism as the true faith. However, he indicated that Moscow will continue to co-exist with Tito Communism. Earlier this month the prophet of the other form of Communism, Mao Tse-tung, received African visitors in Pekin and made a strong bid to represent China as champion of African racialism

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

298 **St Grouse**

August this year placed under fire more than one of our peculiarly British institutions, for long reckoned thoroughly estimable and sound. If the grouse came under fire, so did our admired Judicature, our " wonderful " police, our national character, the Mother of Parliaments, and what-not else for which for so long we have claimed the envy of the world. It is well known that a little spark may set going a destructive conflagration, but in the sudden discovery that so many of our famous institutions are " rotten to the core," a little spark or two (if you can call the Ward business or the mail robbery a little spark) has caused a positive holocaust; and August has released over the butts more grouses than the northern moors held in the great year of 1922. It seems that nothing is right. As Mr Douglas remarked to his wife in *The Semi-attached Couple*, " My dear, it's too bad to be true," and Mrs Douglas replied " Nothing is true that is not bad." That is certainly the impression which has been stamped on us in recent months by a great variety of snipers and crack shots in the ranks of opposition and criticism, in the Press, in Parliament and on the air: and it looks to me as if Mr Macmillan will need two loaders and three guns if he is adequately to deal, in the time at his disposal, with the grouse packs which will be flagged over his butt. True, despite the Stratford by-election result, he is now very confident, but he will need all the skill and coolness of a Rimington Wilson or a Lovat. I don't doubt that for years we have accepted a Laszlo-like portrait as our national image, but I can't believe we are as black as the latest impressionist picture suggests. There must surely be found a handful of " just men " in our Gomorrah, and possibly a few efficient.

The Policeman's Lot

It is at the time of writing " not a happy one." The great mail-bag robbery is only one, if an important one, of the contributing causes. There are many others, still in the air, which are calling in question the conduct and efficiency of the police, ranging downwards to their failure to enforce the 50 m.p.h. holiday speed limit. The Force deserves our sympathy. It probably never had it so bad except at the height of the Jack-the-Ripper mystery. Public curiosity and press publicity concerning the mail-bag robbery do not make things easier for the Force. Certainly the police have invited the help of the public in finding clues. But the help they have got has been so massive as sometimes to hinder rather than help, and it is most unfortunate that the impression grows that the police are always one jump behind the criminals. One can sympathise with the man who gave them a red-hot tip as to the whereabouts of the swag and the thieves, and missed his just reward because he was far back in the queue of tips waiting to be examined. At the same time, one must sympathise with the police who, even if every available man is turned on to the job, cannot immediately follow up every piece of information offered, a large proportion of which is invariably worthless at all times. In times of trouble, such as these, and when delicate negotiations are on foot, it is possible that Ministers and police alike are over-zealous in satisfying the public's " right to know " what is being done and decided, and I daresay the great mail-bag robbery would be the quicker solved if every police " spokesman " kept his mouth shut concerning the jumps proposed to keep level with the quarry. Hunted criminals' ears are listening and their eyes can read. They are pretty quick at the uptake. Holmes gave nothing away till the problem was in the bag. Only then could Dr Watson give the show away, and let the cat out. Still, the police are making progress. At the time of writing, they had recovered nearly enough to pay for the offered reward.

Above: John Masefield, Poet Laureate (left) visits the house where W. B. Yeats lived in Woburn Walk, London
Top: London Airport's new car park, said to be the largest in Britain, can accommodate 1,150 cars

Parallel Columns

In parallel columns in *The Times* of August 16, comment was made on Frederick, Duke of York, born 200 years ago that day, and on the new honour given to Henry Moore, the O.M. These comments raised in my mind many a puzzling question in relation to reputations, contemporary and posthumous, and of historical reassessments of the work of men in public life and in the field of art. The grand old duke was raised on his column 130 years ago and historians still agree he was raised 100 ft too high. An equestrian statue was no doubt deserved. There must have been a lot of good in a War Office dictator whom soldiers and even generals liked, in a man who survived the Clarke scandals and was judged to be only a deeply-sleeping partner at most, whom Greville allowed to be the only one of George III's dingy brood to possess " the feelings of a gentleman " (though I think he was hard on Sussex), and who freed himself from his entanglements with the Catholic question. After all, he " gave " us Stafford House, if you

For the first time since it was completed in 1710, St. Paul's Cathedral is being cleaned. The work has been made possible by the gift of an anonymous donor. Work on the West Front should be finished this autumn

Mr Macmillan at the start of his grouse shooting holiday at Bolton Hall out on the Yorkshire moors

can use the word "gave" to a man who commissioned that palace when all hope was gone of settling his astronomical debts. Henry Moore is another puzzle. I suppose more than half the population cannot understand, or indeed stand, the great works of this mighty British sculptor, the pride of our nation, as a minority surely judge him. His reputation is still higher abroad than at home. Like many a great man and artist, he has outrun his times or his times have lagged behind, with Rodin. No doubt there is a divinity that sometimes shapes the ends of honours and rewards; and Moore has been promoted to O.M. from C.H. The O.M. is the modern equivalent of a column, 124 ft. high. But still the Duke of York column thrusts into the dingy London sky a finger of scorn at the muddled thinking of generations of Englishmen on the subject of merit and its due rewards and of the appropriate time to bestow them.

Omissions from the Syllabus

National education costs the taxpayers quite a lot of money, and all kinds of subjects are taught the children with results that, no doubt, will one day convince us that our money is well spent. There is of course still room for improvement in the syllabus. The children might be taught to write a legible hand, they might be taught to express themselves intelligibly in short, simple and completed sentences, and they might be taught that it is unsocial to drop their sweet wrappings on the ground as a matter of course. All three of these omissions from the syllabus are constantly emphasised. Handwriting, for instance: the calligraphy of many senior, sixth form, boys and girls looks quite good at first sight, but if one is called on to read the subject matter, one finds it about as difficult as Hebrew scrolls, for not a single letter is formed or completed. Then again, when, during a political crisis or a crime hunt, teenagers are called to the mike to give their opinions (for what they are worth) or to lend help to police and public, their minutes of fame and publicity would be more endurable to our ears if they had been taught to string four consecutive words into a simple sentence. Staccato "whats" and "wells" and "I means" are not helpful contributions to knowledge and the truth. But then I must admit that this is a malady which afflicts some older people in public as well. As for the dissemination, as a matter of course, of sweet wrappings, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Sweet wrappings are usually small and thin. The natural processes of decay take far longer to eliminate the surplus luncheons, Sunday newspapers, bottles, tins and cartons left on the ground by grown-ups. The process of education must begin higher up. Who will teach the teachers themselves?

The Old Stager

REPORT FROM EDINBURGH

300 This year's Edinburgh Festival, now in the middle of its crowded course, has got off to a strong start. There have been two theatrical premieres. *The Rabbit Race* is by a modern German dramatist, Martin Walser. It appears in a translation by Ronald Duncan, produced on the open stage of the Assembly Hall by Chloe Gibson. When it first came out last year in Berlin, this play stirred up some angry protests. It is a satiric, subversive account of 15 years of German life, from 1945 to 1960, told in terms of a simple-minded villager called Alois. The effect of the play is grimly comic. Ronald Duncan turns up again at the King's Theatre. He wrote the libretto for *The Rape of Lucretia*, Benjamin Britten's first chamber opera, which has been revived by the English Opera Group. It has stood the test of time well. The other premiere was of Ray Lawler's *The Unshaven Cheek*, at the Lyceum. It is a tough morality story, set in Australia, on the thesis that the satisfaction of the craftsman must be rediscovered in the modern world.

Above: *The Rape of Lucretia*—the envious and malicious Junius, sung by John Shirley Quirk

Above right: Bianca (Helen Watts) bends over Lucretia (Kerstin Meyer)

Right: Members of the Gateway Theatre Company in Roddy MacMillan's play set in the Gorbals, *All in Good Faith*. (From right) Margery Thomson, Walter Carr, Morag Forsyth, Harry Walker and Leo Maguire

Above: In Martin Walser's *The Rabbit Race*, Alois Grubel (Paul Massie), the simple-minded hero, holds his hands up in front of Herr Schmidt (Denis McCarthy)

Far left: Bernie Ward (Bernard Hopkins), Lonnie Lewis (Paul Dawkins) and Fay Brewer (Amanda Reiss) in Ray Lawler's Australian play *The Unshaven Cheek*

Left: The leading role in this play, that of the old cooper, Charlie Lewis, is played by Alfred Marks

THOUSAND MILLION POUND FUTURE?

302 It is estimated that there is a market of round about 1,000 short-haul jet airliners over the next decade. At the moment the British Aircraft Corporation's One-Eleven has the field to itself. In fact by the time its nearest competitor is to fly in 1965, about 40 One-Elevens should be in regular, intensive service on the world's air routes. The asking price of a One-Eleven, including spares, is approximately £1 million. Hence it is possible to arrive at the large sum in the title, although the One-Eleven faces fierce competition from the US. But evidently the One-Eleven, the subject of orders of 60 by eight airlines even before it had flown, is one of the brightest hopes not only of the British aviation industry but of Britain's whole export drive. It is the product of imaginative planning and intensive work, so that it comes at the right time to fill the need for a replacement, giving modern big-jet service and passenger attraction, on short-journey domestic and regional routes. The One-Eleven will carry about 70 passengers on routes ranging from 100 to 1,000 miles.

Right: In the half-light of approaching dusk, the BAC One-Eleven short-haul jet airliner comes in to land past the bushes marking the edge of Hurn airfield in Hampshire after its successful maiden flight
Below: Hopes are running high of selling a huge number of these aircraft and on the assembly line at Hurn, work is proceeding flat out, night and day

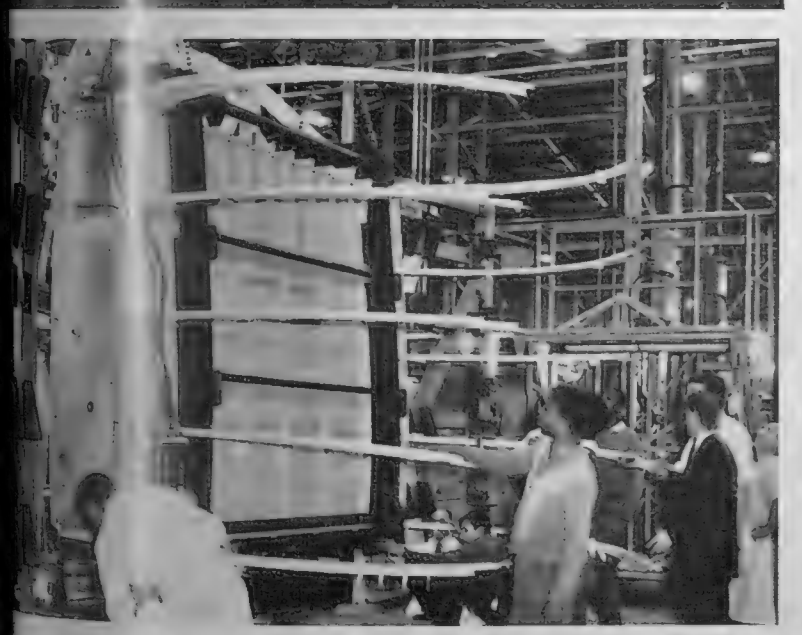
Above: The men in charge—Sir George Edwards (left), managing director of BAC, and Mr Arthur Summers, in charge of all production and development

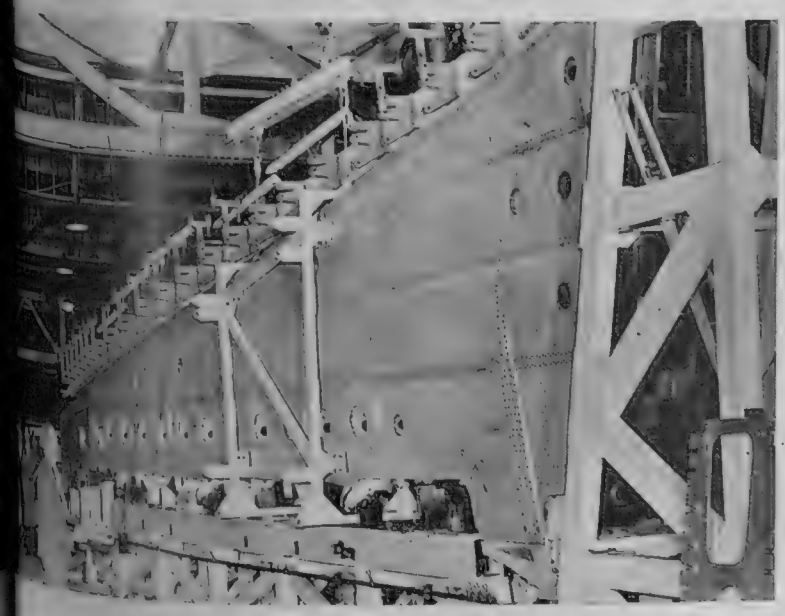
Below left: To carry out the ambitious production programme, One-Eleven sections are being made at four different places. Hurn is making the front and centre fuselage and undertaking final assembly; Filton the rear fuselage and empennage; Luton the wings, flaps and ailerons; and Weybridge the undercarriage and wing skins. Here one of the first wing centre sections comes out of the jig at Weybridge in Surrey to go to Hurn for assembly

Bottom left: At Luton, the first completed left main wing structure comes out of its jig, to travel via Weybridge to Hurn. The date was in November, 1962

Below: The first tailplane section is crated and ready to leave the works at Filton, Bristol, for Hurn.

Bottom: A rear fuselage and fin structure, manufactured at Filton, having arrived by road at Hurn, is prepared to be lifted onto the assembly line. The creation of this complex of four manufacturing centres, and the attendant organisation needed, enabled a time span of only 27 months between initial go-ahead and maiden flight and an initial production rate of four a month. Even before the maiden flight, two more One-Elevens were hard on the heels of the first in the final assembly. The first to fly is now starting an intensive flight test programme. First One-Elevens are due in service with the first customer, British United, next year





A LAND DIVIDED

British Guiana is on the brink of independence. This promise has been willingly made by the British Government, but when the issue was last raised the country was facing its worst crisis since the turmoil of 1953.

Future prospects for this British colony depend more than anything else on the ability of its leaders, Dr Cheddi Jagan (Prime Minister and leader of the People's Progressive Party) and Mr L. F. S. Burnham (Leader of the People's National Congress), to prevent a repetition of the racial clashes that have afflicted the country with varying severity since Indians were introduced to work the sugar plantations deserted by the Africans with the abolition of slavery in the last century.

Whatever success may be achieved in repairing the already precarious economy—further damaged by the prolonged general strike—the divisions of racial bitterness are no basis for independence. The growth of bauxite and sugar production may be hoped to alleviate the generally low standard of living that has made British Guiana so vulnerable to Communist infiltration, and it may also help to divert energy from the wasteful irrelevancies of racial conflict. Although so much remains to be done before stability can be achieved, the party leaders are expected in London before the end of October to take up the threads again of last year's independence conference. It is not yet clear that they are any readier to avoid another deadlock.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Right: Slum dwellings such as this in Georgetown, the capital, are evidence of the low standard of living in British Guiana. Georgetown was well laid out by the French in the 1780s with broad avenues and streets

Below: The alluvial flats of the coastal area extend about ten miles inland. Many of the existing dykes were built by the original Dutch settlers, before the British took Guiana in 1803

Below right: A street argument in Georgetown, between an African and an Indian. Tension between the races has been much increased in recent years

Left: Oxen plod through a watery ricefield as they pull a plough. Although a large acreage is under rice cultivation, the country's main agricultural product is sugar

Below: Cane cutters wait outside the sugar refinery to be taken by horse-drawn barge to the fields, ten miles away. Most sugar workers are Indians, brought in after the abolition of slavery, when many Africans refused to work any longer on the plantations

Photographs by John Bulmer

Left: A young Indian girl. She belongs to the largest ethnic group in the country; the Indians number 45 per cent. of the population. They generally support Dr Jagan

Above: An Asian girl in a Georgetown supermarket. The capital has a good shopping centre. Part of the town was destroyed in riots early this year

(More pictures on following pages)

A LAND DIVIDED

continued from page 305

Above: Small children run along the shore at Georgetown towards fishing boats lying high on the mud. The sea is extremely muddy here; a great amount of silt is washed into it by the rivers. It is in the alluvial deposits in the northern part of the Colony that gold is found

Top: This vast conveyor under construction in British Guiana is part of the equipment used in the mining of bauxite, the raw material of aluminium. Of the minerals worked in the country, bauxite is far more important than gold and diamonds. Deposits exist in a belt stretching from the Pomeroon River to Surinam

Right: American-style clothes are worn by these youngsters in one of the avenues of Georgetown. The US has a great interest in the country's future

Above: A worker masked against dust in Mackenzie, where the principal bauxite mines and processing plants are located. Mackenzie is a town cut out of the forest some 60 miles up the Demerara river, at the last point where navigation is possible

Far left: An Indian girl in a Georgetown street scene. Behind her are the bicycles that provide the most popular form of local transport in British Guiana. They have to be strong to stand up to rough riding on roads and tracks

Left: Action and inaction in Georgetown. While an African worker sweats over unloading a barge full of sand, another just sits. Unemployment since the general strike has been one of the more serious problems in Georgetown

THE SURPRISING SEAL

308 I wish I was more familiar with, knew more about, seals. Whenever I see them I am fascinated: fascinated by their mastery of an element, the sea, which to be truthful rather frightens me; fascinated by their soft-eyed curiosity; fascinated by their calm and gentle dignity, their almost contemptuous indifference, when in the water, to man; shamed by their fear—perhaps wariness would be a better word—of man when on land. How ill have we used animals that the mere whiff of man, even at a great distance, is sufficient to put them on their guard, to make them seek a less odorous situation!

But it is the problems that seals pose that I find particularly fascinating. How do they, air-breathing mammals, manage to stay under water for so long? It is known that common seals can remain submerged for 15 minutes, grey seals for 20. Times like these are probably pretty exceptional: the normal fishing dive lasts for only a few minutes, say five minutes or so. But even that is a long time compared with what man can do. Again, it is known that seals can dive to great depths, certainly to several hundred feet. The pressure at such depths must be enormous. How do seals support it?

A great deal has been discovered about all this, of course. There is, it appears, much more to a seal than meets the eye. It is, indeed, a very highly specialised animal. Philip Street, in his *Mammals in the British Isles*, states that the normal heart-beat of a seal is 150 a minute (man's is 70 or so), but that in a dive the rate is reduced to only ten a minute: and this, of course, brings about a corresponding reduction in the rate at which oxygen is used up. As to withstanding pressure: well, Street tells us that before it dives " the seal forces most of the air out of its lungs, so that these are almost completely deflated. There is thus very little nitrogen available to be forced into solution in the blood under the influence of the increased pressure. Under this pressure, too, the lungs are completely collapsed, so that the small amount of residual air is forced into the windpipe, through whose thick walls it cannot pass into the blood. Getting rid of the air before a dive also of course reduces the buoyancy of the animal and makes it easier for it to dive."

I think it very clever of man to have found out all that. But the really clever one, surely, was the first seal who thought of getting rid of the air in its lungs before taking a dive. The seal, remember, was originally purely a land mammal, and is still partly one, and it is natural for land animals to take in air before putting their heads under water. The reduction in the rate of the heart-beat would develop naturally over the years, an evolutionary process. But not getting rid of the air?

It is very nice knowing all that, but there are still many fascinating problems left. It must be very difficult living in two worlds as the seal does, for it seems very unlikely that senses that operate well under water will function equally well on dry land. Take the sense of smell, for instance. On land the seal has a very good sense of smell. I remember once coming over a hillock to a beach in the Isles of Scilly and seeing the seals already legging it for the sea. They could not have seen me: they had smelt me while I was yet a long way off. I think that there can be no doubt that on land the seal, like so many other mammals, relies on its nose rather than its eyes. But the seal has large, well-developed, eyes. On land, in my very limited experience, these eyes do not function very well. Movement, at least at fairly close range, is picked up quickly enough, but stationary objects do not appear to be focused at all sharply. It must be very different in the water, and there seems to be no doubt that much of a seal's hunting is done by sight.

But how do seals living in muddy estuary waters get on? Visibility in such waters must be very poor indeed, but the seals evidently have no difficulty in catching their prey. Some other sense must operate here. It has been suggested that the large bristly whiskers on the snout are so sensitive that they can detect the small vibrations set up by fish and molluscs as they move about. Presumably, this tactile sense cannot be shut off at will. Can it be that shoals of fish are detected at some considerable distance by means of the whiskers picking up vibrations? And, if this is so, I wonder if mackerel, for example, set up different vibrations from, say, herring or whiting; if the seal knows, while still a long way away, what it is going to get for dinner? It is an intriguing thought.

And then hearing. Despite the almost complete absence of an external ear flap, it is known that the hearing of seals is very acute. It is, for example, very well known that seals can be attracted by music. They seem to be particularly appreciative of the accordion and the mouth-organ. I have had this demonstrated to me by a Scillonian boatman with a mouth-organ. (If you have the right sort of voice, you do not need a musical instrument. Dr Fraser Darling learnt how to call seals from the sea by voice.) But, when seals dive beneath the surface, the ears are closed. It would seem, therefore, that under water they cannot hear.

Seals eat fish and, for that reason, are much disliked by fishermen. Occasionally, a seal will find its way into a river and when this happens there is consternation among anglers. Recently seals—I suspect that one should substitute singular for plural!—have been seen seven miles up a famous salmon river. The local anglers, convinced, though I do not know on what evidence since seals do not come to land to eat their prey, that seals have an insatiable appetite for salmon, are very concerned at this expert competition. The last I heard of it, it was planned to use Army "thunderflashes" to discourage the seals and drive them back to the sea. If it is a fact, and there seems to be no doubt about it, that seals cannot hear under water, then the thunderflash is not going to worry them. If the idea is that the vibration will worry them, then I fancy that it will worry the salmon much more. And serve the anglers right. Competition is good for everyone.

Milly, a grey seal at London Zoo, demonstrates her ice-beaded whiskers, during last winter's arctic weather

YACHTING

Above: Fire dinghies racing at Falmouth. **Below:** Competitors in a National 12 ft. race at Plymouth

The national championship weeks of two of the most popular and numerous dinghy classes coincide next week. It reflects on the crowded state of the RYA fixtures list that this should happen. In a way the clashing of dates is the more unfortunate because the two classes concerned have many features in common and there are many keen helmsmen who might take part in both, but this year cannot. They are the two 12 ft. dinghy classes, the National Firefly holding its " week " at Holyhead and the National 12 footers at Weymouth. Not only are the two the same length, they carry the same sail area, i.e. 90 sq. ft., but there the similarity ends. The Firefly is a strictly one-design class, the character of which is assured by all the hulls coming off the same mould in the Fairey Marine factory.

The National 12 ft. is a restricted class, where within limits there is scope for designers to be original as regards hull shape, rig and fittings. It is in fact the largest restricted dinghy class in the world, which, since its inception in 1936 has risen to nearly 2,200 sail-numbers. The Firefly, designed by Uffa Fox was only introduced after the last war in 1946, but its growth has overtaken the other 12 footer very fast, for today the sail-numbers are approaching the 3,000 mark.

Numbers are down slightly for the Firefly meeting this year, perhaps for the reason that for the first time the event is held at Holyhead. This may appear too far to some owners. There should be just over 150 entries this year, slightly below the numbers in recent years. By some freak there were 220 entries for the championship week when it was held at Plymouth in 1959. To diminish the crowding at the line, the so-called " gate-start " was introduced for the meeting the following year. The class has continued to use this method of starting year after year, keeping competitors and race officers equally happy. The essence of the gate start is that the boats do not cross a starting line at the same time, but pass the " gate " in succession, in the wake of the committee boat which steers such a course, that each starter has the same distance to go to windward to the first mark regardless of when it starts within the time limit allowed.

The Firefly class has recently received a beneficial boost for its further growth by a sizeable reduction in the price of the boats. While at the last Boat Show the maker's price was £205 (without sails), it is now only £160, though to this must be added the cost of sails at £25. At the same time Faireys have also made the boats more attractive by making the outer skin of the hot moulded hull fore and aft instead of the previously used diagonal—and in providing a better finish generally.

The idea of the " gate-start " is not acceptable to the National 12 ft. class, and they are going to use the conventional starts during their Burton Trophy Week at Weymouth where they are expecting over 180 entries. To restrain the unwieldy number of starters, the " five-minute rule " is again to be imposed here. This means that any boat to be found after the five-minute gun within the triangle formed by the line and the first mark is to be disqualified.

ADRIATIC HAZE BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Below you, as the Cunard Eagle *Britannia* comes into land at Rimini two and three-quarter hours after take-off from London Airport, the go-kart track is still in action. It is just past midnight and down there, in a nutshell, is the whole human fantasy of this stretch of Adriatic. For 25 miles from Cesenatico to Gabicce Mare, the resorts link arms in a spangle of lights that line almost as many miles of smooth, gently shelving sands whose safe bathing draw hundreds of thousands of families from all over Europe every summer. To drive along the main promenades is like finding yourself caught in the middle of an international rally while, to cater for this human flood, 300 new hotels are opening their doors every year.

Roughly in the middle of it all lies Rimini, its suburbs merging indistinguishably with resorts such as Riccione, followed by Cattolica and Gabicce Mare, as yet the quietest spot, the smaller of its two beaches spread delightfully, like a pocket handkerchief at the foot of a steep cliff. For here, as if to put an end to the whole frivolous business, the hills push right down to the sea, and the little night-clubs take over, tiered against the steep slopes to offer splendid night views. A few miles inland the tiny republic of San Marino, highly commercialised but gloriously perched on its mountain eyrie, is on the fringe of the Montefeltro range where quiet places and fine walking country await those less endowed with the herd instinct.

Back on those miles of marvellous sand, you can hire anything from a boat to a beach-hut. The beach is free, but its amenities can be expensive, though many hotels include them in their full board prices (the 1st-class Ambasciatori and 2nd-class Kursaal, both at Rimini, are recommended). At night, there is everything from mini-golf to horse-racing,

This almost frenzied concentration of entertainment tends to distract attention from the quieter aspects of Rimini: the old town sadly reduced by war destruction, but including the Arch of Augustus, the Bridge of Tiberius and a number of other monuments. In the curious edifice of the Malatestian Temple, begun by the tempestuous Sigismondo Malatesta but never completed after his ex-communication in 1464, I was almost alone at the height of the season to admire the exquisite bas reliefs of Agostino di Duccio.

The story of the Malatesta family is inextricably bound with that of the whole region through the Middle Ages. Their castles pepper the landscape, vying with each other in their claims to be the original setting for the Francesca and Paola tragedy. Gradara castle, 15 miles from Rimini, is the accepted favourite, though a stronger case exists for the castle at Rimini itself (a later construction stands on the same site, now used as a prison).

So deeply is Rimini and its surroundings associated with the Adriatic one tends to forget that the coast stretches for another 500 miles southwards right to the very heel of the long Italian boot. The beaches along it are frequently as good, often far less crowded and sometimes even empty. Other nationalities, notably the German and Swiss, have been less slow to discover this fact, but the farther south you go the more it remains primarily a stronghold of the Italians themselves.

The whole coast is linked by frequent rail services and the Adriatica state highway, of excellent surface though sometimes of too narrow proportions for the heavy traffic that follows it to and from Bari and Brindisi in the far south. In a few years it will be supplemented by the Bologna-Bari autostrade. More surprising is the excellence and emptiness of the minor roads and these, of course, lead to the most delightful places of all. In addition,

Above: Sparkle on the water at Cattolica, near Pesaro on the Italian coast with a solitary boatman
Far left: The Tremiti Islands off the Adriatic coast of Italy. They are reached by boat from Ortona
Left: A view of the terrain from the Citadel of San Marino, the republic a few miles inland from Rimini

the domestic air services of Itavia link centres such as Ancona, Pescara, Foggia and Bari with Milan and Rome.

Ancona lies 1½ hours by rail south of Rimini, passing en route through resorts such as Pesaro and Senigallia. It is utterly different from the more northern playgrounds—a town of considerable history and many remarkable churches, clustered steeply round a harbour to which important shipyards add a business-like touch and from which the passenger steamers leave every week for Rimini, Venice and the coast of Yugoslavia.

On the southern side of Ancona rises the mountain complex of Monte Conero at whose feet lie the loveliest of beaches (stoney), backed by cliffs even whiter than those of Dover. Accommodation by these beaches—at Portonovo, Sirolo and Numana—is very limited indeed, though by next summer one or two new hotels should have opened their doors, notably at Numana where there are two beaches and where the Sporting Club Conero hires out equipment for water-ski-ing.

From the popular resort of San Benedetto Tronto, 55 miles further south, the wonderful art city of Ascoli Piceno is a mere 17 miles. From Pescara, a beautiful new panoramic road can be followed to Chieti, a dozen miles away, with its Roman remains and superb views over the coast and into the rolling distance of the Abruzzi. Pescara lies almost half way down the Italian leg, four hours by rail from Rimini. It is a journey which takes you for the most part along the sea shore, through resorts large and small, with the last foothills of the Apennines now close beside you, now receding a little to make way for the farmlands, but frequently topped by some small and ancient village.

Fine sands are a characteristic of this part of the coast. In Pescara itself, the regiments of beach establishments could almost compete with those of Rimini for this is a lively centre and a great favourite with campers. In the Jolly Hotel—one of that excellent chain which has done so much to boost tourist facilities particularly in southern Italy—the air conditioning was a rare and most welcome feature. Pescara has been largely rebuilt and considerably enlarged since the war on spacious, modern lines which provide a curious contrast with the ancient alleyways of the original town centre on the south side of the river where the poet Gabriele d'Annunzio spent his youth. An annual festival is given in his honour in a brand new open air theatre, and his home is now a museum which also presents an interesting picture of the story of Pescara.

To the north are smaller resorts such as Pineto (Hotel Garden, housed in a former villa of exotic Venetian style), Roseto (Hotel Atlantic, new and quietly placed), and Giulianova (Hotel Riviera); to the south lies Francavilla (Hotel Royal). Soon after Francavilla and the port of Ortona, from which a boat leaves twice a week for the lovely and little known islands of Tremiti, the beaches disappear and the coast steepens, ribbed by the rivers of Moro and Sangro which have given their names to two battles and two sad Canadian and British War Cemeteries.

There are one or two more beaches, the largest centre being Vasto clustered on a hill. Just beyond it lies the border of Apulia and the south of Italy. But that is another story.

For further information: Italian State Tourist Office, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Means of access: From London to Rimini by Cunard Eagle Airways, night tourist excursion, only from £31 11s to £39 1s, according to season and time of travel.

By surface travel: London-Rimini, £23 5s 2nd-class return, £35 4s 1st-class return.

YARN OF THE SAILOR

312 **Oyster River** by George Millar: Bodley Head. 21s, is the record of a whole summer spent on an inland sea, from which description one might deduce every tranquil circumstance and every luxurious detail. In fact, the author and his wife sailed their 24-ton yawl over from England and, without a crew, as is their custom, explored a part of the west coast of France which is extremely chancy on its seaboard and not without navigational perils within the large and—from a yachtsman's point of view—complicated Gulf of Morbihan. A yacht of this size normally carries a crew of at least two in addition to the working owners. This, however, is not the way of Mr and Mrs Millar who are known to have taken off into the blue from the Beaulieu river and ended up, via the west coast of Africa, in Greece or France or Malta, if not much farther afield. The yacht in which they made this journey is dauntingly large: its sail area, just for instance, is more than 1,000 ft. and its length overall 50. And in this exquisitely kept craft they brave tides, winds, alarming weather changes and, as this book shows in its retrospective passages, many of the hazards from determined smugglers to armed boarders. Even if one is a founder member of the Landlubbers' Union, this would be a difficult book to resist and if one has the slightest appreciation either of sailing or good writing, one will find in it the elements of its future place in English literature: the minor, enduring classic.

My Kingdom for a Donkey by Doris Rybot: Hutchinson. 12s 6d, has a different, less robust kind of charm for it is an account of the author's experiences with a most amiable (though ugly) small donkey. So engaging a beast, indeed, that its owner has been moved to ask: "Why has stupidity become synonymous with asshood?" However that may be—and not everyone would have had Mrs Rybot's patience—the donkey in question proved an amiable and original character and the writer's findings about it, as about other pets, both warm-hearted and sharply observant. The drawings, of donkeys, ponies, dogs and mice are by Mr Douglas Hall and quite delightful.

The Fate of Edsel *and Other Business Adventures* by John Brooks: Gollancz. 21s, changes not only the scene but the mood as completely as any magician could wish. Mr Brooks has written about an extraordinary event in the history of United States car production: the inception by the Ford motor group of a new car called the Edsel. They spent, believe it or not, a quarter of a *billion* dollars on it. They aimed to sell at least 200,000 motors in the first year; they consulted every odd oracle such as opinion polls and the "motivational research" boys—and they came up with a resounding flop which lost them about $350 million. Mr Brooks tells the amazing story with commendable crispness and detachment and has added chapters on Stock Exchange "cornering," stock market "advisory" letters and the goings on in our own Threadneedle Street which he appears to regard in the light of a slightly more serious legend of *Mrs Tiggy Winkle*. Enormously readable, even if one's own share dabblings are restricted to Ernie's machinations.

Miracle Jack by Michael Baldwin: Secker and Warburg. 18s, tells the original story of a man whose peculiar obsession and talent is for climbing tall London buildings from the outside. He has his fans, his disciples, even a group of followers who see more significance in his exploits than simply a head for heights. Among these latter admirers, though reluctantly, is a reporter who drinks too much, turns in too few good stories and has too little success in love. He comes to think of the remarkable climber as more of a symbol than a specialised athlete and, through this belief, finds some kind of an answer to his own problems. Odd, well written and by no means banal.

The Finishing Touch by Brigid Brophy: Secker and Warburg. 12s 6d, is an amusing little squib on a Lesbian theme and if one appreciates that sort of thing one would find it garnished with wit and observation. A quite brilliant satire on the whole racket of French finishing schools. Fortunately for those who have endured them, it is also unrecognisable.

The Remainder Man by Terence de Vere White: Gollancz. 18s, is a bright novel about a bunch of quare fellows who live in Dublin as, indeed, and by Dev and all that's holy, why shouldn't it be? It has as much Irish charm as the works of Kate O'Brien and Frank O'Connor rolled into one as well as a hero who tries hard to concentrate on T. S. Eliot, although "after Swinburne I found it extremely hard to enjoy." If one can concentrate enough to keep tab on Michael Whaley's proliferous family as well as a firm hold on the eccentrics employed by Mr Daunt, the solicitor, one will have had a foine toime.

Scented Gardens for the Blind by Janet Frame: W. H. Allen. 16s, reveals an unusual talent which has been responsible here for a strange novel, haunting, individual and, frankly, hard to describe, since it deals with almost freakish characters who nevertheless retain the powers of argument and almost excessive articulateness. A man, known as a genealogist and constantly withdrawing into his own world of semantics; his more ordinary wife and their

FATE OF THE POILU

The French Army: *A military-political history* by Paul-Marie de la Gorce: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s. President de Gaulle's repeated rallying cries to France to seek a return to *La Gloire*; his affirmation that France has a right to the leadership of Europe; the costly, stubborn drive to build up a modern French nuclear striking force—all these take on a deep, complex meaning when regarded in the melancholy light of the history of the French Army over the last century. In essence, President de Gaulle, himself a soldier who spent the 1930's crying in the wilderness for a modern army, is offering the French Army a chance to return to the traditional duty of all armies—the defence of the nation—in order to heal the political breach between Army and State, which ended in the Algerian war. To pull together the fractured segments of French political life, he is building a nation rather than a State. One is led into these rather arid generalisations by reading M. de la Gorce's study of military-political history. He himself eschews practically all attempts to personalise history. Here are no accounts of the exploits of French soldiers, the poilus. His method is the examination of the evolution of ideas and he sticks rigorously to it.

Two themes can be picked out of a brilliantly dissected complex of events and attitudes. He starts with the French disaster of 1870, moves rapidly through the Dreyfus Affair, and comes to the period leading up to the First World War. During that time, France was rebuilding her ambitions overseas, in the Great Power bargaining for colonies, and secondly pursuing assiduously a foreign policy of alliance with Russia to counteract the menace of Germany. At a cost of losing the flower of her manhood, France in the 1914-18 war achieved the dream of *la revanche*. But at the same time she suffered what she considered a stab in the back. The Bolshevik Revolution and Russo-German peace treaty left France without her European counterweight. Mutinies in the army engendered French military hatred of Communism. Traditionally employed to keep in control the workers, the military came, through the economic disasters of the 30's and the rise of the Popular Front, to regard themselves both as guardians of the state and defenders of the true France. They had been betrayed by the Anglo-Saxon bankers and undermined, they thought, by communist cells. Overseas they grew accustomed to regarding nationalism in the colonies as a threat to France.

As M. de la Gorce points out, the split between Vichy and the Free French movement of de Gaulle brought choice to the French military, and with choice, the right to decide individually. After the Second World War, the French military continued to salvage their esteem by fighting against Communism in the Far East, believing that they had always seen this as the real danger. The disasters in Indo-china were, they thought, one more stab in the back by the politicians. All these pressures led finally to Algeria. It was only then that the French, who had invented the *coup d'état*, tried it again. Confusing military ends as political necessities, the French Army tried to fight both Algerian nationalism and political liberalism in Metropolitan France in terms of the Cold War. Why did all this happen? The simple answer, to an Anglo-Saxon, is the melancholy line of defeats suffered by the French. M. de la Gorce, in a rigorously exhaustive study, seeks an answer in the developing chain of political-military theory of the State in France.

Moat Defensive: *History of the Waters of the Nore Command 55 B.C. to* 1961 by D. P. Capper: Barker. 42s. Half way to the open sea, the Medway flows into the Thames, and at their confluence is the Great Nore Sand. This was the chief rendezvous of the Royal Navy in its days of sail. From here the Navy defended the Channel and the threat of the Low Countries. In 1961, the Nore Command was closed. With it as a framework, the author gives a vivid, if necessarily rapid, survey of the role of the navy both as England's bulwark and her striking force.

A History of Latin America by George Pendle: Pelican Original. 4s. This is history of a

daughter who retaliates for any slight by adopting muteness as a defence. Fascinating in a way and certainly a work of intelligence and imagination.

Point of Origin by Redmond Wallis: Bodley Head. 16s, is a first novel and a bright one, by a New Zealand writer who proves conclusively in this initial effort that he has the humour and the happily detached point of view which go a long way to building a distinguished career in the writing of fiction. His scene is on the home ground of Christchurch and his *dramatis personae* include at least two young people who know their own minds and have a pretty good idea of their elders' processes of thought. Entertaining and even touching at moments.

Behind the Screen by Walter Ross: Cassell. 21s, shifts the scene to the high-powered world of American big business—in this specific case, television networks—and to the drama of a Senate investigation into charges of corruption. Taut, intense, readable and slightly depressing in its cumulative effect.

The Miracl Flower by Rex Harris: Constable. 18s. is a no l of adventure and a good one, set in the Con during a period of recent and extreme da r and concerning a young man who is on a uest for a rare medicinal plant but gets caught p in the fighting and the fleeing. Very effecti indeed and recommended.

Death in eakins Wood by Rhona Petrie: Gollancz. 1 , could more properly be described as a detecti story than a thriller since it is, if anything, a fle stodgy. The characterisation is good, thou and the Surrey background of what estat gents call detached houses, well observed. d marks for ingenuity, too.

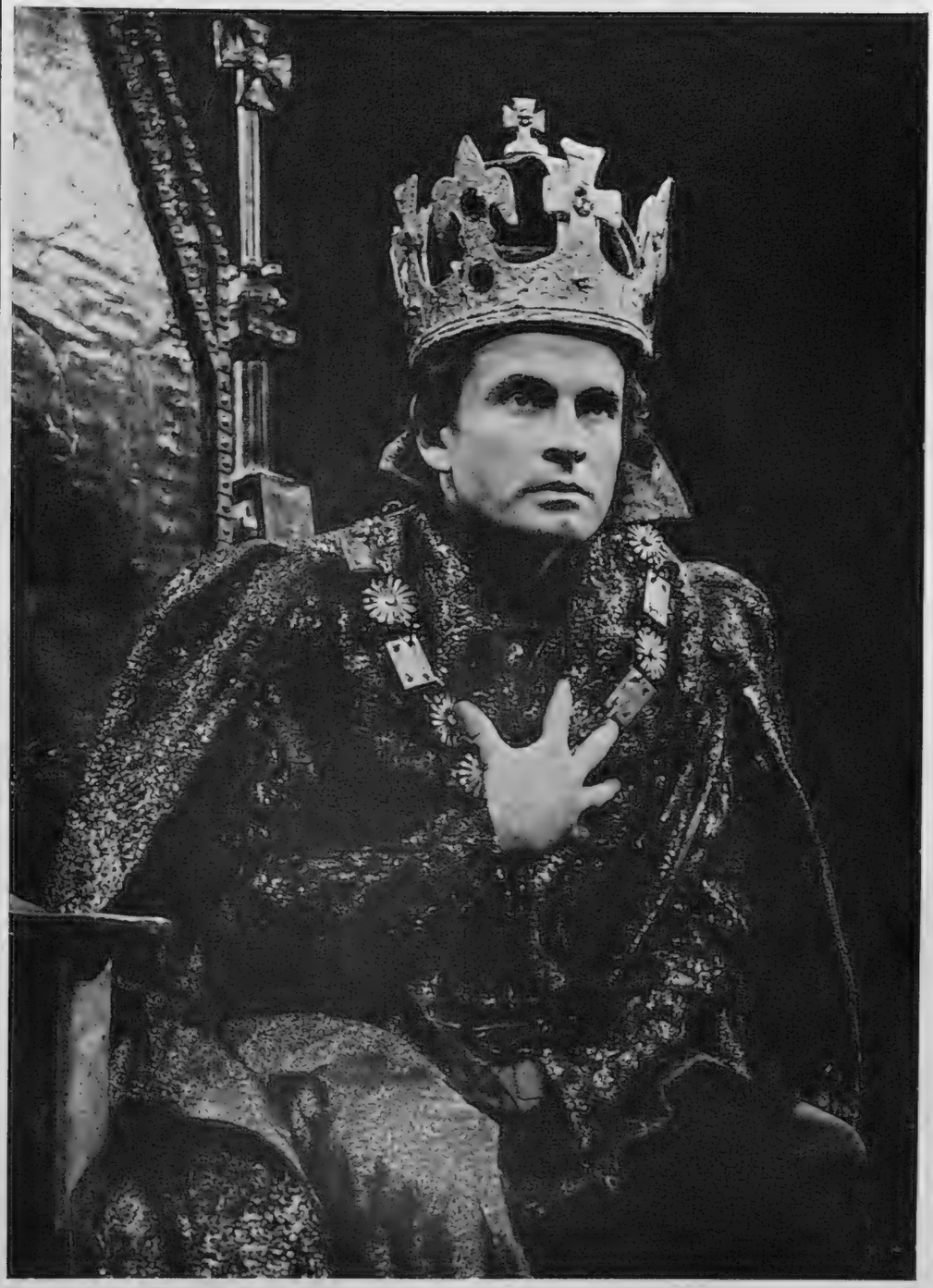
Vernon Fane

continent and its many peoples written to rectify an ignorance pervasive in Great Britain. The author authoritatively traces the story of the 20 republics in the territories that once belonged to the Spanish and Portuguese empires, and the old French colony of Haiti. These republics have 208 million people and immense economic potential. Both are assuming a more and more important place in world affairs.

Electricity without Dynamos: *The coming revolution in power generation* by John W. Gardner: Pelican. 3s. 6d. Dr Gardner, a senior research physicist, describes in simple terms various radical proposals to extract electricity directly from fuel, instead of the present round-about methods. I have always wanted to know what magnetohydrodynamic generation was and now I do.

The Contemporary Cinema by Penelope Houston: Pelican Original. 5s. The author is editor of *Sight and Sound* and one of the best of film critics in this country. Her survey of post-war film-making throughout the world, while necessarily sketchy about individual films, is sane and well balanced. Perhaps the biggest compliment is to say her paperback should become as influential as Roger Manvell's *Film* was for the post-war generation.

Jolyon Wimhurst



RICHARD III

Shakespeare's mocking, satanic hunchback has become one of the most familiar of villains through the mesmeric performance of the role by Olivier. In the new production at Stratford-upon-Avon, which brings to a triumphant conclusion the Royal Shakespeare Company's compressed cycle of The Wars of the Roses, Richard is played by Ian Holm (above). He fulfils the promise given in his appearance in the two earlier plays of the trilogy that here is a fresh, viable and personal interpretation—villainy caught up in the swirl of his own megalomania. He is ably seconded by Tom Fleming's Duke of Buckingham, mastering his master in brutal cynicism. All told, *Richard III* thus sets the seal on the remarkably ambitious venture by the company to produce, in a trilogy, Shakespeare's four-play account of The Wars of the Roses. They have had the courage to cut and to add bits of linking pseudo-Shakespeare—the work of John Barton and Peter Hall—to produce one of the most shattering, viewed as a whole, of modern theatrical experiences.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **SIR PATRICK HAMILTON**

Sir Patrick Hamilton, Bt., M.A., is Chairman of the Expanded Metal Co. Ltd., Chairman of The Diners' Club of Great Britain Ltd., and a Director of Lloyds Bank Ltd., Simon-Carves Ltd., and Renold Chains Ltd. The Diners' Club, the product of the merger last December between Finders Services Ltd. and C.C.F. Ltd., is the biggest credit card organisation outside the US. Born in 1908, Sir Patrick was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford. He says that he got his business education by starting a business in retreading tyres, as a subsidiary of the family engineering business. It became well-known as Tyresoles Ltd. Sir Patrick resigned as Chairman when it was sold to Dunlop. In 1943-44, he was the Director of Propeller Production at the Ministry of Aircraft Production; and from 1957-59, Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Commercial Information Overseas. This later became the Export Publicity Council, with Sir Patrick Hamilton as Deputy Chairman from 1960-62. Since 1958 he has been Chairman of the North Western Transport Users' Consultative Committee. In this capacity he is involved in public hearings about hardships which may be caused by Dr Beeching's cuts in passenger services. (Sir Patrick promoted a private inquiry into the needs for public transport in the Lake District; a report was published in 1961.) Other public posts held by Sir Patrick include being Vice-Chairman of the Central Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee; Honorary Treasurer of the Federation of Commonwealth and British Chambers of Commerce; and membership of the Central Transport Consultative Committee. Sir Patrick and Lady Hamilton live in Chelsea, London. By repute their garden is the gayest in Cheyne Walk. Their hobbies include Staffordshire Bull Terriers and travelling

STEEL PLANT MAKERS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Between 1958 and 1961 capital investment in the British steel industry nearly doubled: it rose from just under £100 million to just under £200 million. Between 1961 and 1964 it will probably fall by more than half: the total next year may indeed be not much more than a third of capital expenditure in the peak year of 1961. And the price of capital equipment has been rising quite significantly in the last five years: so the level to which steel investment is now settling down, in terms of sheer ironmongery, is dropping away even more sharply.

From one aspect, this reflects the continuing recession in the steel industry—which began to develop in 1960-61 almost as soon as the industry had committed itself to the largest programme of investment and expansion in its history. Since this spring it has been possible to hope that the industry is at last coming out of that recession—though not as fast as steelmakers would hope.

The steel industry, however, is not the only industry concerned here—and perhaps not the one most deeply concerned. In the fullness of time, without doubt, the British economy will want the 30-32 million ingot tons of steel for which the industry will have the productive capacity by 1965: nobody is finally uncertain about that, though it costs the industry income to have put in the capacity prematurely. For the industry that built that capacity, however, the likelihood of a drastic reduction in steelmaking investment, with no indication of when any real recovery can be looked for, is a good deal more serious.

Not all of that plant came from British factories, but the great majority of it did. Certain individual items of rolling mill plant in Richard Thomas and Baldwins' plant at Llanwern, Newport, for example, came from one specialist Pittsburgh engineering firm. In any programme of industrial expansion there will be items of new equipment for which it pays a customer to go to the actual innovators in design—some of whom, for any country, will inevitably be foreign.

Even so, it is probable that in the steel development programme foreign plant suppliers have played a smaller part since the late 50's than ever before—and not least because of the encouragement of the steel industry itself. Five to ten years ago there reigned a curious love-hate relationship between the industry that bought steel plant and the industry that built it. Steelmakers were never behindhand in complaining that their plant constructors had too little capacity, failed to meet their finishing times, did too little design themselves, and were too cautious about expansion. The plant makers, for their part, felt that steelmakers were themselves overcautious in placing orders, wanted to design their own plants, looked abroad too readily, "bunched" their orders like Gadarene swine, and for that matter didn't always deliver steel on time even for steelmaking machinery.

Be those arguments as they may, they were broadly resolved during the latest, not yet wholly completed expansion programme. The steel industry had certainly thrown off its inhibitions about expansion; the plant builders, in their turn, put in and recruited a lot more capacity for detailed design, increased the output capacity of their workshops, went in for a bout of concentration that produced the pretty comprehensive Davy-Ashmore group—and in performance, as the figures show, managed roughly to double their output.

The prospect to which these plant builders now look forward is enough to bring back all their worries about living in a "prince or pauper" industry. It so happens that several of the major projects of the latest steel investment were technically such as to provide more capacity, potentially, than was likely to be needed for the output immediately foreseen. The big new strip mills at Llanwern and Ravenscraig were designed for quite considerable expansion at short notice of their iron, steel, and rolling capacity: so was the new electric melting shop at Steel Peech and Tozer in Sheffield. A number of the furnaces recently converted to oxygen steelmaking are giving large increases in output for very little extra investment. And some of the new finishing plant in heavy steel, such as universal beam mills and "four-high" plate mills, gives a so much better product technically that competitors, in order to stay in business, have to match it with similar installations, even if this means, for a time, inevitable over-capacity.

This implies that steel investment has not merely over-reached the rate of growth in the economy against which it was designed to provide; but that as growth proceeds beyond the mid-60's the steel for it will be able to be had with, for some years at least, relatively little capital expenditure. What does this mean for the steel plant makers?

It means, obviously, that it may be some years before their home demand matches the levels of 1961. They cannot complain that this is simply the result of too much bunching of orders by their steel customers; there is also the trend of late, an important one, for the amount of investment per ton of steel capacity to fall through innovations and refinements of existing types of plant. At a time when the amount of steel required per unit of additional national output is tending to decline too, these capital goods manufacturers have these two factors of long-term saving to set against the pace of national economic growth; both tend to limit the pace at which demand for their own products responds to expansion in the economy as a whole.

This is an industry with a sizeable export market; but nowadays a very competitive one. It is not easy for plant builders to sell equipment to other major steel-producing countries, except where these have particular areas of backwardness in their own plant industries (as Russia, for example, may have in plant for producing high-quality rolled products). For the most part, exports of steelmaking plant nowadays are for new projects in underdeveloped countries: they depend not only on the technical ability and prices of the plant maker, but upon the credit terms he can arrange (or in many cases upon the aid that his government is prepared to give the potential customer).

The British steel plant industry has a fairly strong order book, but nothing like large enough to offset the coming fall in work for the British steel industry. Moreover, price competition in this field has been fairly cut-throat of late. It is true that a number of the companies concerned—particularly those making iron and steel furnaces, rather than specialised machinery—are diversified, and make plant for other heavily capitalised process industries. (Some of those industries, such as chemicals and gas, are still expanding their investment.) But for any that cannot diversify, for a while, the outlook seems rather grim.

The largest tanker launched in Britain enters the water at Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast. The vessel is the 85,000-ton *Rimfonn* and is being built for the Norwegian shipping group, the Bergesen Group of Stavanger

BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Rootes Group factory, Linwood

316 A great manufacturing project which has transformed acres of Scottish farmland into one of Europe's most advanced car plants lies behind the Rootes Group's new Hillman Imp. The factory has about as many original features as the four-seater Imp itself, which fairly bristles with them: an 875 c.c. aluminium engine and transmission at the rear, a new kind of clutch, a pneumatic accelerator linkage, all-rubber universal joints and no greasing points at all. Work first started on the site (total area 278 acres, including ample room for future expansion) in the relatively undeveloped rural area of Linwood, 14 miles from Glasgow, in May, 1961. Since then, a ceaseless drive has been maintained to create from nothing the complex organisation required to produce a modern family car and to meet the target of December 1963, for full production of 3,000 Imps a week.

The project has involved the construction and equipping of four main production blocks totalling more than 1 million sq. ft., and the recruitment and training of 5,000 people by the end of this year. Progress to date has been good: production is building up rapidly towards the target and more than two-thirds of the labour force have been engaged. A striking feature of the plant is its sophisticated working conditions. Workshops are spacious, brightly lit, and well ventilated and heated. The amenities include one locker per employee, self-service works restaurant and two staff restaurants.

Three of the four production blocks stand on the Rootes site. The fourth—the body assembly, paint and trim shop—was specially built by the Pressed Steel Company on the opposite side of the Linwood Road.

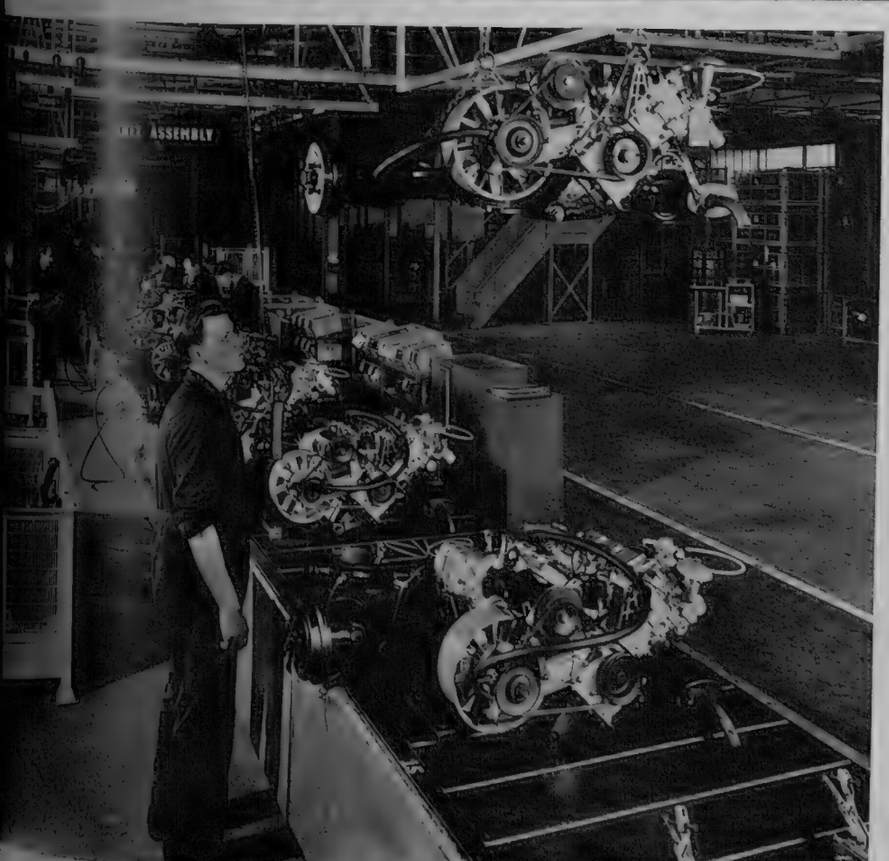
The self-contained aluminium die-casting plant (65,200 sq. ft.) is unique in British industry, and was built to provide the advanced production techniques—both high and low pressure die-casting is used—necessary to produce the Imp's aluminium power package (cylinder block, gearbox and clutch housing) and other components. A spacious, air-conditioned and almost clinically clean building, it takes the place of an iron foundry in a conventional car factory.

The unit machine shop (324,000 sq. ft.) contains hundreds of the most up-to-date machines of their kind in the world and incorporates a high degree of automation. Here, the components for the power package and front and rear suspension are machined and assembled. The assembly block (324,000 sq. ft.) stands parallel to the machine shop. The main assembly line is 670 ft. long, most of it being 5 ft. above the floor to permit two-level working. Imp bodies are fed into assembly over the enclosed 410 ft. long conveyor bridge across the road from the Pressed Steel Company's factory (509,000 sq. ft.), which also employs the most modern techniques.

A most complex and highly developed British computer and data processing system controls the whole assembly operation and ensures correct matching of the individual car specifications (there are 2,000 variants of the basic Imp). The system has also enabled new standards of efficiency to be achieved in other ways: it *(Continued on page 318)*

Above right: Linwood is notable for its extensive use of automation. This series of machines, of British manufacture, is an Archdale in-line transfer. It is used for machining suspension arms, which are passed automatically in a line from one operation to the next

Right: Elaborate inspection systems are used. Here a completed car is tested for waterproofing



Above: The components become a car. The body is lowered onto the front and rear assemblies, a simple operation. A feature of the Imp is that one mechanic can take out the engine in only half an hour

Left: The engine, clutch, gearbox and transmission, with the rear suspension and brakes have been manufactured and assembled. Here the overhead conveyor takes them to the main assembly building to be joined to the body and front wheel assembly

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

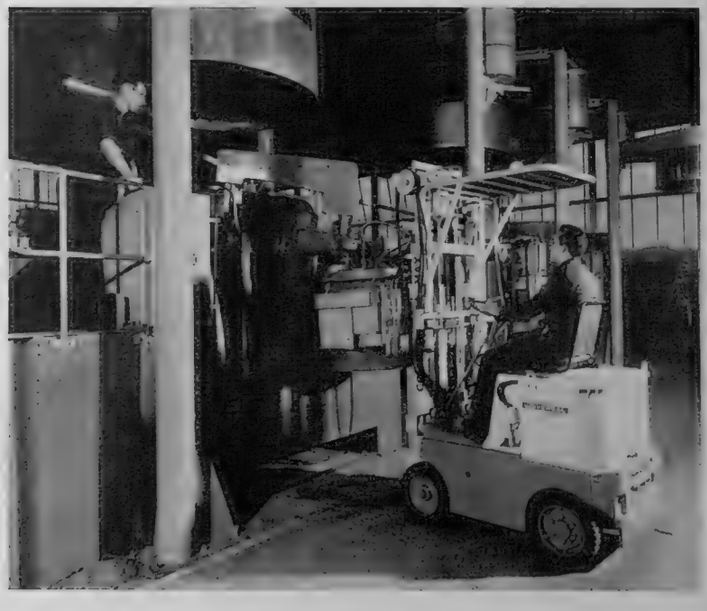
THE ROOTES GROUP FACTORY, LINWOOD

(Continued from page 316)

maintains constant and most accurate stock control, and it has reduced the advance notice required for orders from the sales staff from four months to ten days.

More than 80 per cent. of the machines in the plant are British, but special-purpose equipment has been bought from various countries in Europe and North America. By creating their "factory from a field," Rootes have had one great advantage. They have been able to plan every square foot, select every machine, prepare every production system and train every employee in almost ideal conditions, with the minimum of outside influences. At Linwood, Rootes enjoy an unusual opportunity of achieving both maximum efficiency and quality.

Right: Work stations on the main assembly conveyor. These are designed so that operators can easily pick up components from the special bins



Above: Molten aluminium is poured into the crucible on the forklift to be transported to die-casting machines

Right: On the finishing line, the Imps are polished and fitted with the minor items like windscreen wipers

Below: This Ryder rotary transfer carries out automatically a series of operations on a brake drum, which rotates from stage to stage round the machine

Above centre: The electronic control panel in car assembly controls the assembly of each car in every detail

Above: An Imp transmission on the dynamometer test rig, which submits it to all conditions it will experience

CHANNEL ISLAND TRUST

by The Sphere City Correspondent

320 How many holidaymakers in the Channel Islands are aware that they are in the midst of a blossoming financial centre where half a dozen of the leading City merchant banks have recently been busy setting up investment trusts? It is true that the Channel Islands have had their own investment trust for a very long time. The Jersey General Investment Trust was set up in 1931 and in 1948 its associate company the St Clements Housing Association began operating mainly as an investment trust, both of them under the chairmanship of the senior partner of one of Jersey's two firms of stockbrokers.

But four years ago two lively investment managers "on the mainland" (i.e. Britain) established the first outsiders' trust. Mr John Kinross, a director of the semi-official Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation, and Mr James Falconer, a partner of Martin Currie, Edinburgh investment fund managers, launched the Investment Trust of Guernsey. Registered in St. Peter Port, Guernsey, the trust had a conventional spread of British and North American equities, but did extremely well in its first three years and just over a year ago obtained a quotation on the Edinburgh stock market.

The second mainlander to set up was Mr C. F. Penruddock, a director of the Save and Prosper Unit Trust group and many other investment and industrial companies in Britain. In 1960 he launched The Channel Islands and International Investment Trust, registered in St. Helier, also with a spread of equities, though 40 per cent. were in countries outside Britain and the US. Earlier this year, with three years' very successful trading behind him, Mr Penruddock also obtained a "mainland" quotation, this time in London under the wing of merchant bankers S. G. Warburg.

Since then, the City has been waking up to the attractions of the Channel Islands as an investment centre thick and fast. The International Investment Trust of Jersey was formed last year, launched by Mr H. M. Robinow, a director of fast-expanding Barro Equities, in conjunction with N. M. Rothschild and the Royal Trust of Montreal. A week or two later M. Samuel announced the formation of Securities Trust of Jersey, whose directors include Mr E. H. McDougall, known in the investment world for his theories of buying and selling stocks by chart-reading. Finally, Kleinwort Benson Lonsdale are currently launching the Guernsey Overseas Investment Company.

What lies behind this sudden rush to have one's own investment trust in the Channel Islands? The answer, of course, is tax. If a British subject goes to live in the Channel Islands (which have no death duty) to escape British death duty, he is still liable to be assessed on any investment held in British-registered stocks. If, however, he invests in an investment trust registered in the Channel Islands, he is not liable for duty, even though the trust itself invests in British shares.

The second major attraction of Jersey and Guernsey for investment trusts is that there is no capital gains tax, and trusts therefore have greater flexibility in dealing: this advantage would become even more pronounced if a future Labour Government extended the gains tax in Britain. In addition, most of the trusts have dealing and finance subsidiaries, which, because of lower tax rates, have the edge on their British counterparts.

A final, and more modest advantage for the Channel Islands trust is that the double-taxation agreement with the UK gives it a slight benefit, which means a surtax payer in the UK can get rather more relief by investing in a Channel Islands trust than in a British one. Perhaps it should be made clear that this is the only direct advantage of these trusts for investors who are not resident in the Channel Islands. The trusts have been set up by City banks mainly for their wealthy clients who have retired or who are contemplating retiring to the Channel Islands to avoid death duty. A future "wealth tax" in Britain may be an added incentive.

But on their record, the trusts that have been established a few years in the Channel Islands seem to be benefiting from the freedom to deal and other tax reliefs and over a period of years their growth could be substantially greater than a similar British trust. By the same token, these Channel Islands trusts are not for investors who want current income. Of those quoted in Britain, Samuel's Securities Trust of Jersey at 2s yields 3·2 per cent.; Warburg's Channel Islands at 21s 9d yields 2·8 per cent.; in a thin market in Edinburgh at 39s 6d Investment Trust of Guernsey yields 2·3 per cent.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Staggering holidays

Everyone agrees how much better it would be for all concerned if holidays were staggered. The Government has even dipped a tentative toe into this cold sea with some recommendations in a White Paper. But from Midlands experience the more one tries to stagger, the greater the problems. School, of course—but there is also a host of others; wives who work at firms who take the general holiday period, births, marriages, convenience of relatives; the list is a long one. This year, for the second year running, about 250,000 motor industry workers took their holidays in the last two weeks of July. In Birmingham, where for the first time the August Bank Holiday has been transferred to September 23, following the precedent set in Coventry, thousands failed to return. Absenteeism was so prevalent that it disrupted production at BMC and other factories.

Therefore while employers have been willing—indeed anxious—to achieve a greater spreading of holidays, some have been left with a nasty taste in the mouth. Perhaps the absenteeism would have disappeared with time—there was relatively little at Coventry—and certainly, apart from this, there was hope that staggering of holidays could be achieved on a long-term basis. But worse may be to come. Coventry union officials have told the engineering employers that next year they would like the first two weeks in July. Since the great majority work in the vehicle and general engineering industries, this might not be too difficult to arrange at district level. But traditionalists at Oxford working at Morris Motors and Pressed Steel want to go back to the peak fortnight covering August Bank Holiday. And Birmingham, seemingly, is content with the last two weeks of July.

How the management of companies interdependent for supplies are going to work things out between manufacturers at play and suppliers hard at work is a minor tragi-farce, whose denouement is anybody's guess. At the same time, more than one employer has solved this staggering problem. At the three steel casting plants of F. H. Lloyd and Co. Ltd. at Wednesbury, Derby and Burton-on-Trent the 2,000 workers have for 11 years now been able to choose any period of the year as long as production schedules are maintained.

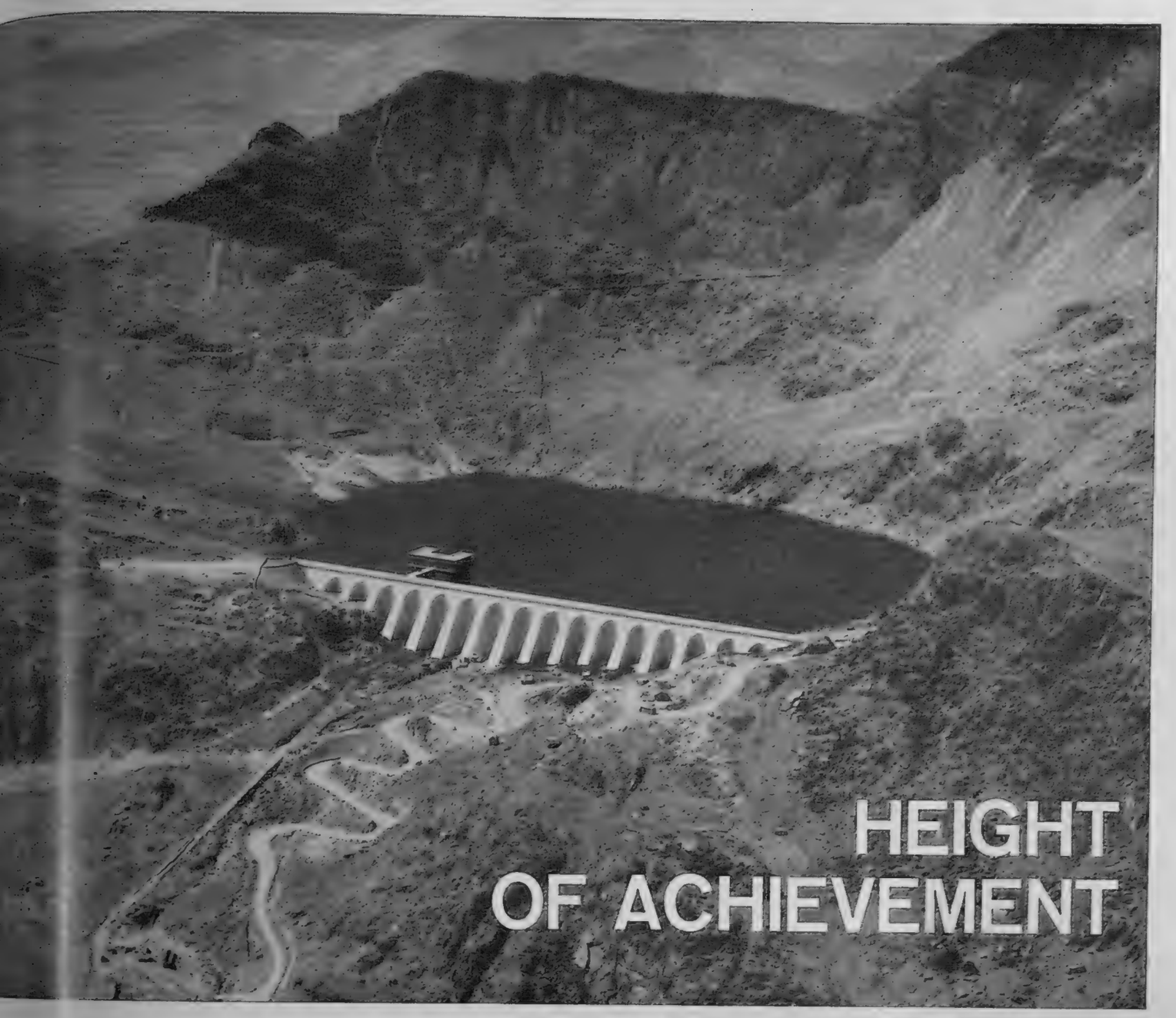
Kenneth Hubbard's new machine

Kenneth Hubbard, the young—he is only 31—chief designer at Renault Machine Tools (UK) Ltd., at Shrewsbury, has taken a quick leaf out of father's book by designing a miniline transfer machine that Regie Renault, one of the world's acknowledged leaders in transfer machinery, would have been proud to have devised. Hubbard, a product of Priory Grammar School, Shrewsbury, and a part-timer in engineering at Shrewsbury Technical College while a pupil-apprentice in toolmaking, joined the company when it was formed in 1959. Three years later he was appointed chief designer.

His new baby is a 12-station machine of diminutive dimensions for doing a series of jobs automatically on components up to about 6 cub. ins. Naturally enough, the motor industry, always eager for new and more economic plant, has been first in the field. But what makes the Miniline so intriguing is the wide range of components that can be handled in batch productions—still by far the most common form of programming work (extended runs are in the minority). A bright future is predicted both for the Miniline and its designer.

Cadbury's new wage structure

Another quiet piece of careful and unspectacular negotiation has brought improved wage structure to about 1,500 clerical workers in Birmingham. Not for the first time, Cadbury Brothers Ltd. look like having set a precedent, after the most amicable negotiations with the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union, itself deservedly recognised as level-headed and long-sighted. The agreement provides, under a three-year plan, for average basic wage increases of about 3½ per cent. a year. No less important, the grades which have been accepted—with minor modifications—since the end of the war are to be revised, with increased differentials at the top of the scale to recognise heavier responsibilities, and the maximum rate being reached at lower ages. The minimum increase that will be received will be 23s 6d a week, and the maximum 70s. Mr Adrian Cadbury's comment was: "We felt, and still feel, there is in general a long way to go in arriving at ideal wage structures, but this new scale has been designed to give proportionately larger increases to men and women in the higher grades and to provide a greater incentive to undertake more responsible work." In the changing pattern of British trade unionism such agreements with white-collar unions can have all the significance, if not all the publicity, of those with the bigger craft or even general unions—and in their recognition of industrial priorities they are often way ahead.



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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The Alsace Wine Fair, which took place from August 8 to 18 at Colmar, was made especially significant this year by two unusual circumstances. Although this was the 16th of these annual manifestations, it was held for the first time since the wines of Alsace have been given the distinction already enjoyed by the other important wine-growing regions of France, the "Appellation Controlée." This was established by a decree passed in October last year, and for the first time all the wines shown at the Fair had to satisfy the new, stringent legal requirements.

The other remarkable feature was the Tasting at Riquewihr on the eve of the opening of the Fair by the Confrérie St. Etienne to a small number of distinguished visitors from France and abroad (Ganymede was one of these). The wines offered at this Tasting were of the greatest interest, giving a rare insight into the history not only of Alsatian wines but of wine-making generally. The list of six wines offered for tasting included well-preserved examples from the years ranging from 1865 to 1900.

They were taken from the Mequillet collection which has been bequeathed to the Confrérie by the last survivor of an old Alsatian family. Jean Frederick Mequillet came to Riquewihr in 1749 as collector of taxes for the Duke of Wurtemberg. He married the daughter of an important wine-grower, and his descendant followed his wise example. The family prospered in nearby Colmar, they were cloth merchants and lawyers, but in each generation the men married the daughters of the great vineyard owners, and by the time the last descendant died in 1958, the Mequillets owned about 2,500 acres, a large slice of the Alsace wine-growing area. Mademoiselle Fanny Mequillet, the last scion, like her predecessors held the small town of Riquewihr in great affection, and willed her three houses and cellars there to the community, together with some of the best vineyards in the neighbourhood. There was also a large house in Colmar left for a charitable purpose, and when work of repair was carried out there a cellar was found by the workmen, containing about 800 labelled bottles, and each carefully wrapped in paper, beautifully preserved, bearing dates between 1834 and 1924. By the time the legal formalities and negotiations were concluded, resulting in the Confrérie St. Etienne becoming the owners of this wonderful collection, the number dwindled to just over 500 bottles.

Remarkable preservation of old wines

The six wines chosen for the great Tasting—held in the old Mequillet cellar at Riquewihr—were: Tokay d'Alsace 1895, Riesling 1884, Riesling 1857, Riesling 1900, Gentil 1865 and Tokay d'Alsace 1865. When judging these one had to remember the changes that had taken place in the methods of vinification since they were made. Today, the wines of Alsace are drunk young. They are bottled less than a year after the vintage, and by receiving no mechanical or chemical treatment, apart from one racking and filtering at the time of bottling, they retain their chief characteristics: youth, freshness and the bouquet and flavour of their particular grapes. A hundred years ago, when there were no mechanical pumps used, there were no rubber or plastic tubes and no modern filters, so the wine had to spend much longer in the wood and, therefore, the character was that of a much more mature, less light and fresh wine. Keeping this in mind, we could not help being impressed by the remarkable preservation of these old bottles. The wines were naturally much darker in colour, richer in alcohol and here and there showed traces of maderisation, but no sign of any serious defect. When at the end of the Tasting the Grand Maître produced as an "encore" a Tokay d'Alsace 1834, opened in honour of the occasion and one of the only three bottles in existence, this further confirmed the remarkable keeping qualities of these wines.

The Fair itself is exceptionally interesting to the student of wine and the members of the trade. In my knowledge this is the only show of this kind where the wines can be tasted in groups arranged not by individual growers, but by the cepages. Thus it was possible to taste and compare for example, the Rieslings produced in the last vintage by 75 different producers, showing the marginal differences which can exist between the different skills and variations of the same method when applied by different individual

The opening ceremony at the 1963 Alsace Wine Fair at Colmar, the 16th to have been held. The wines shown included well-preserved examples ranging from 1865 to 1900

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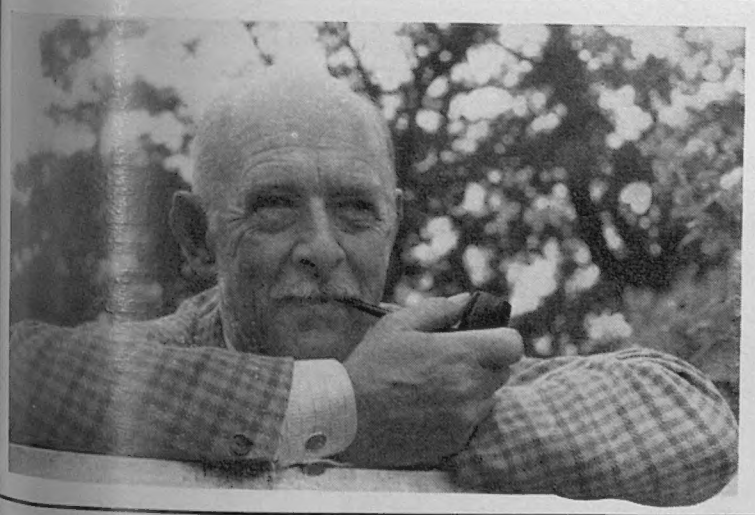


GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Thing To Love

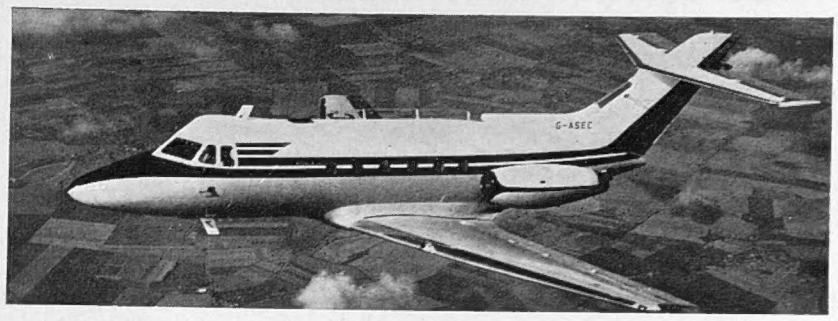
21s

JAMES CLAVELL

King Rat

21s

MICHAEL JOSEPH



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BY IMP TO SKYE

324 I could not have had a more suitable car than the Hillman Imp for the Scottish holiday to which I referred last week. I spent most of the time in the beautiful Isle of Skye, on whose narrow, hilly and unevenly surfaced roads this lively little rear-engined saloon ran most impressively. With the tyres meticulously kept at the officially recommended and rather unusual pressures of 15 lb. to the square inch at the front and 30 at the back (compared with 24 all round for the same manufacturer's Hillman Minx, for instance) my Imp had just the right degree of mild understeer for my restrained holiday motoring and the car in general was a pleasure to drive.

The independent springing of all four wheels kept us on a reasonably even keel even when we took the rough road over the island's northern " spine " to get a close-up view of that dramatic collection of sharp mountain peaks called the Quiraing. At all times the four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox gave me the proper ratio without any kind of fuss. This gearbox, which is one of the Imp's outstandingly good features, worked harmoniously with the car's free-revving 875 c.c., overhead-camshaft, all-aluminium engine (which is set in the chassis at an angle to give more room inside the car and to help keep the centre of gravity low).

Points about the Imp

The clutch squeaked and juddered a bit at times, but I know from experience that this is not a common fault with the Imp and the trouble has probably been put right by now. There was plenty of room in the luggage compartment at the front for a big, heavy case, and it noticeably improved the car's weight distribution. I had a roof rack fitted as a precaution and to give the young fellow in the back seat room to lie down if he wished, and when it was not raining I carried two cases on the roof with the aid of one of those very useful elastic, octopus-like devices which hook easily onto the rack and keep the luggage firmly in place. On the few occasions when rain was encountered it was a simple matter to put this luggage inside the car for the time being.

While I admire the Imp's frontal appearance I dislike the back view and consider the rear window is—aesthetically speaking—disproportionately big. Yet on holiday I appreciated the fact that this large rear window opens to give easy access to a wide shelf behind the rear seat squab (which can, of course, be hinged forwards when there is need to carry a bulky cargo in the back instead of passengers).

It was the £532 *de luxe* version of the Imp I borrowed, so I had the benefit of hinged ventilators and roomy door pockets which were especially useful for maps and guide books. The Imp does over 80 m.p.h. in top and cruises easily at 70 on the right kind of road. You can get 70 in third, 45 in second and 25 in bottom. I kept a check on petrol consumption for half my 1,000 miles in the Imp and it worked out at 38.5 miles to the gallon. This was economical motoring when you take into account the many miles I drove in third and second gears in the Highlands. I used less than a quart of oil.

Everywhere I went in Scotland my Imp attracted a lot of interest. Although this newest Rootes product is appearing on British roads in ever-increasing numbers, Scottish folk have not yet started to get blasé about the first car to be built in Scotland for many years. They have a touching patriotic pride in this car and my opinion of it was eagerly sought.

Back in London Rootes Group officials told me there is every chance of their reaching—at their new factory at Linwood, just outside Glasgow—their planned production rate for Imps of 3,000 a week by the end of the year.

Next to the beautiful scenery and the open friendliness of the Scots, the big attraction of a motoring holiday north of the border is the relative lightness of the traffic and the freedom from traffic fumes which afflict even country roads in southern England in the summer. The conditions offer the kind of carefree motoring we used to have in the south but which, unhappily, is gone for ever. There are no parking meters (or very few); I was able to go as fast as I wanted on the open road at weekends and there was not the same feeling of the police being after me all the time.

Drivers, on average, seemed less aggressive. The gentler conditions seemed to breed a spirit of unselfishness and courtesy which is seriously lacking in the roaring south. This was notably exemplified on the narrow roads in the Isle of Skye, most of which are wide enough for only one line of traffic. Passing places are provided, with a diamond-shaped sign on top of a post to advertise their presence. It calls for both judgment and courtesy to decide whether to pull in at the passing point just ahead when there are two of them between you and the approaching car.

Ferries on the lochs

When you are not in a hurry it is a joy to go over some of the Scottish lochs on those delightful ferry boats with manually controlled turntables which make it easy for cars to drive on and off. On my way to Skye I used two of them—at Ballachulish and Corran—but for the actual crossing to Skye I booked in advance to use the Mallaig-Armadale ferry.

A much bigger ship is used for this service, by name the *Loch Seaforth*, and it takes about a dozen cars which are slung aboard as they used to be at Dover. My Imp cost £1 18s 3d, and the passenger fares are 3s 6d for adults and 1s 9d for children. I found it irritating to be called on to pay, in addition, harbour dues of 3s 9d at Mallaig and a pier toll of 5s at Armadale, at the Skye end of the service. Why can't these charges be included in the cost of the car ticket?

All the same, we enjoyed the traffic-free run from Armadale up the east coast of Skye through Broadford and Sligachan to our hotel—the " Coolin Hills "—overlooking the loch at Portree. There are two other drive-on car ferries linking Skye with the mainland: at the Kyle of Lochalsh and at Glenelg. We returned by way of the latter service, for which the charge was 10s, passengers included. The approach to the Skye terminal of the Glenelg ferry at Kylerhea takes the motorist through delightfully intimate mountain scenery over roads too narrow for coaches or caravans. On the mainland the road from Glenelg takes the south-bound traveller along beautiful Glen More and through the mysterious Mam Rattachan Forest.

Courtenay Edwards's Imp parked by the rough road at the top of the pass in the north of the island of Skye, overlooking the Quiraing group of peaks

I found the *A.A. Road Book* for Scotland of very great value and we also made good use of Ordnance Survey one-inch and quarter-inch maps. It adds greatly to the enjoyment of a touring holiday if motorists take the trouble to read something of the history and geology of the areas they intend to explore. This is best done beforehand and in the case of Scotland the *A.A. Road Book*, to which I have referred, contains a wealth of potted information on all aspects of Scottish life and customs.

Motoring notes

Briefly . . . . Mobil has announced the opening at Southampton of what is claimed to be Britain's first self-service petrol station with all-British equipment. . . . The Motor Agents' Association has abolished the entrance fees, ranging from £5 to £20, for members joining its controversial " fidelity " scheme for the independent investigation of complaints by the motoring public. . . . Filtrate, of Leeds, which says it is Britain's oldest oil company, has announced a " long life " engine oil which it says need not be changed for six months. . . . Standard-Triumph International sold 57,570 cars and light commercial vehicles in the first half of 1963 compared with 44,647 in the corresponding period last year. . . .

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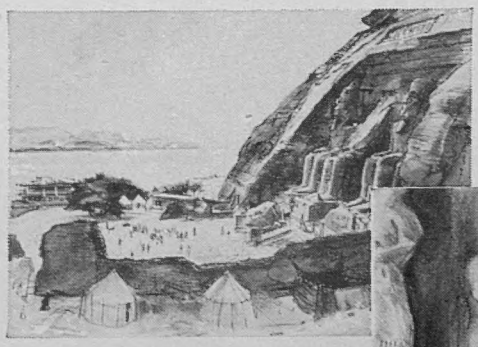
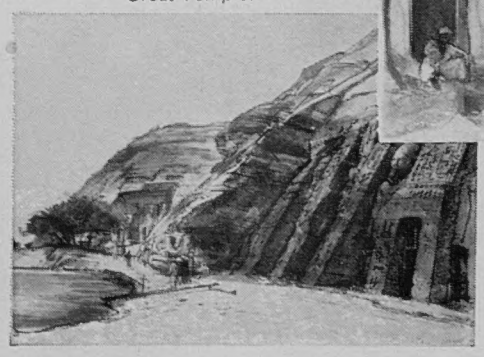


1. *The Great Temple of Rameses II.*

2. *The Interior of the Great Temple.*



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